

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 484.

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## THE BRADYS AND THE PRINCE OF PITTSBURG OR, A MYSTERY OF THE BLAST FURNACE. — BY A — NEW YORK DETECTIVE



It was a desperate moment. The wretch raised his ladle full of molten metal and threw it towards the detectives. But for the quickness with which they jumped aside, they would have been horribly burned. The workmen sprang to their aid.







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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A SINGULAR CALL.

An historic landmark is the old Rising Sun Tavern, five miles out of Pittsburg, Pa., on the Corry road.

This tavern certainly dates back into the eighteenth century; tradition sends it back to the middle, and declares that the Rising Sun Tavern stood in its present state at the date of the battle of Fort Duquesne, the time of Braddock's defeat.

Be this as it may, the Rising Sun Tavern certainly stood on its present site upon a particularly rainy afternoon in the month of June, 19—.

It was at the end of a dull, dispiriting day.

The two big sycamore or button ball trees in front of the ancient hostelry were dripping water upon the semi-circular sign which had been built between their trunks and which bore in letters, now almost indecipherable, the words:

“RISING SUN.”

Beneath the semi-circle was the sun itself, done on a solid piece of oak sawed from a tree trunk.

Upon this one could still detect eyes, nose and mouth, the outlines of a human face, with traces of gilded rays branching off.

This sign was said to be over a hundred years old.

Mose Fustemeyer, the present landlord, declared that it was two hundred, and after he had put away his third whisky he was usually ready to date back his house to a time before Columbus discovered America.

But this was unrelially testimony.

What could a man be expected to know about Colonial matters who would disgrace the old Rising Sun Tavern by hanging against its ancient doorway such a plebeian sign as “Katzenmey's Pittsburg Lager Bier”?

Under the ancient porch on this particular rainy afternoon on either side of a table, certainly as old as the tavern itself, sat a young man and a young woman trying to kill time as best they could.

And, to save time, let us promptly introduce these persons as the junior partners in the famous Brady Detective Bureau, of Union Square, New York City.

They were, in short, Young King Brady, formerly pupil of the world-famous Old King Brady, and Miss Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female partner of the firm.

They had reached the tavern at noon, coming directly from New York in obedience to a despatch from Philadelphia from their chief.

The nature of their business was still a mystery.

All they knew was that they had been ordered to report

at the Rising Sun Tavern to meet Old King Brady, whom they had not seen for over a week, for the old detective had been absent on business, which, for some unexplained reason, he preferred to keep to himself.

“I begin to think, Alice, that there is some mistake about it all,” remarked Young King Brady, after a long silence between the pair. “It is now five o'clock, and the Governor was to meet us here at noon. What can it mean?”

“Don't ask me, Harry,” replied Alice. “Of course, I know no more about it than you do, but—why, here he comes now!”

Around a bend of the Corry road, Pittsburg end, an elderly man, mounted upon a white horse, had just then come into view.

The rider was a tall, striking-looking person.

He wore, among other peculiarities of dress, a long, blue coat, with brass buttons; an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big, white felt hat, with an unusually broad brim.

And these points alone were sufficient to identify him as Old King Brady at a glance.

“At last!” said Harry. “Now we must sit up and pay attention. I declare, for the last half hour I have been half asleep.”

“Highly complimentary to me, I must say,” retorted Alice, with a short laugh.

“It was so intended. But for you the everlasting drip of those button ball trees would have put me quite asleep. But we must get somebody to look after the Governor's horse.

Harry banged on the table with the heel of a tumbler, which had contained nothing more detrimental to the human system than lemonade.

A colored boy appeared in answer.

“Look to the gentleman's horse, Sam,” he said. “He is a friend of ours, and will stop here.”

Before the boy could answer the landlord himself appeared—a stout “Pennsylvania Dutchman,” with the heavy features and all the good humor of that peculiar race.

“Did you call?” he demanded.

“For Sam, and I got him, Mr. Fustemeyer,” Young King Brady replied. “This gentleman coming is a friend of ours. I want Sam to look after his horse. That is all.”

“Oh!”

Landlord Fustemeyer looked down the road at the rider.

“Excuse me, but isn't that Old King Brady, the detective?” he asked.

There was no reason for denying his partner's identity, so Harry informed the landlord that he was right.



"I have a letter for him," continued the landlord. "That is why I asked."

"A letter? I am his partner. You might give it to me."

"No. I was ordered to place it in his own hands."

"Oh, very well. As you will."

"I will get it," said the landlord, and he returned into the house.

Old King Brady dismounted in front of the big button ball trees and turned his nag over to Sam.

Harry was there to meet him, and they shook hands.

"So you have got here," he remarked. "Alice and I began to think you never would."

"The train was delayed."

"Did you come over from Philadelphia?"

"From Harrisburg last."

"And why are we here?"

"Indeed, Harry, I know no more than yourself. Secret Service orders."

"And said orders were mysterious, as usual," Harry remarked.

"Yes. I was to receive instructions here at this tavern."

"There is a letter here for you."

"So? Doubtless that will be found to cover everything."

"And here it comes now."

Landlord Fustemeyer had just appeared again.

He held in his hand a sealed letter.

"You are Old King Brady?" he asked.

"I am," replied the old detective.

"This letter was left here by Senator Brickmore's coachman. I was instructed to give it to you."

Old King Brady took the letter and retreated to the table with Harry.

Here, having greeted Alice, he proceeded to open it.

"We are alone here? There is no one in hearing?" he asked, looking around.

"We have been sitting here for the last two hours, and haven't seen any one," replied Alice.

Old King Brady then removed the enclosure, which consisted of a card and a letter.

The card was that of the chief of the Secret Service Bureau and simply bore the words:

"Mr. Brady—Kindly give this matter your earnest attention, and oblige, ———, Chief."

The letter read as follows:

"To Old King Brady,

"Rising Sun Tavern:

"Dear Sir—I regret my inability to meet you in person, as was my intention. A pressing business matter has interfered and I am called to Washington.

"It is my desire that you proceed to-night at ten o'clock to the old cemetery near the Hermitage Steel Works, McGrawsville. Upon arriving there, enter secretly—upon this point I cannot lay too much stress. You will then proceed to follow the lines indicated on this rude map, upon which you will find marked the point of entrance and the path which you are to take, which will

bring you to the tomb of the McGraw family, which you will recognize by the name carved upon the cornice.

"Arrived here, you will go close to the iron gate and call three times, in a loud voice, 'Brady!' You will then be instructed what to do, and you are to obey said instructions implicitly, rendering your bill to me.

"On no account are you to attempt to enter the tomb, but should a person come out, you are to obey him implicitly, and treat him with every respect.

"You need have no fears of any trick being played upon you. That this is a legitimate business matter you have my assurance. Very truly yours,

"C. F. Brickmore."

This singular letter was written upon the official paper of the United States Senate.

And carrying with it, as it did, the card of the chief of the Secret Service Bureau, there could be no doubt that all was straight.

"A very singular call," remarked Alice.

"Indeed, yes," replied Old King Brady. "I cannot for the moment think of one more so which has come our way in some time."

"More waiting," sighed Harry. "I am tired of it. I was in hopes we were going to get busy at once."

"And we can. We first have to learn where this cemetery is located. I will go inside and interview the landlord. Incidentally I will order supper. They tell me that this old inn is famous for its good cooking; as I am almost famished we will put it to the test to-night."

And Old King Brady departed on his mission, from which he soon returned.

"McGrawsville is only a mile and a half up the road," he reported. "The Hermitage Steel Works lie half a mile further on, and the cemetery is practically on the premises, being partly surrounded by the works. The landlord has been telling me all about it. He is filled with curiosity to know why we are here, so we must be careful how we talk."

"Are the works in operation?" demanded Alice. "If so, it seems strange that we should not have seen more travel on this road. There has been scarcely a soul passing all the afternoon."

"You have guessed the reason—the works are closed; have been for nearly two years, owing to the mysterious disappearance of their owner, for the concern is strictly a private corporation and was the sole property of the late Peter McGraw. Something over two years ago this man suddenly disappeared. The courts finally declared him dead, and his only child—a son—inherited his vast wealth, which he is now proceeding to dispose of as rapidly as possible.

"Hold on!" cried Harry. "Do you mean the fellow they call the 'Prince of Pittsburg,' the champion high roller in New York's Tenderloin last winter?"

"He is the man, according to the landlord. It appears that this young spendthrift is now preparing to open the works. And now you have all I have been able to learn."

And all this threw little light upon the Bradys' singular call.

The day closed in, and at six-thirty the Bradys and Alice sat down to a little dinner, which for abundance,



good quality and efficient service, certainly bore out the reputation of the Rising Sun Tavern.

During the meal the detectives decided upon their course.

Old King Brady did not consider it desirable to take Alice with them to the cemetery, as to do so was sure to attract too much attention at the tavern.

Thus, much to her regret, Alice retired to her room at about nine o'clock, and a little later Old King Brady and Harry started out on their singular call.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BRADYS ENGAGED TO INTERVIEW A GHOST.

The Hermitage Steel Works were never a large concern, we may as well explain right here; but the quality of the goods they turned out was of such a superior nature that toolmakers all over the country declined to use anything but McGraw steel, and this had brought great wealth to the proprietor.

Thus the shutting down of the works was a distinct trade calamity.

The little village of McGrawsville was ruined.

Stores closed, people moved away, seeking work at McKeesport, Homestead and other suburban Pittsburg towns where the steel industry was carried on.

At the time of the Bradys' visit McGrawsville was in every sense of the word a deserted village.

The Bradys decided to walk, as this would attract the least attention.

Soon they entered McGrawsville, a cluster of ugly, frame tenements stretching along the Corry road for a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile.

Closed blinds and darkened windows prevailed everywhere.

Here and there a light twinkled in some upper window, but when we mention that the detectives did not pass a single person on the road it will be seen how complete the desertion was.

Having reached the limits of the village, they came to the steel works.

These consisted of a number of buildings, standing unenclosed by either fence or wall.

There were two big blast furnaces, a machine shop, a "soft" shop, in which special castings are made; a brick office, a large barn, a small electric power house and other buildings.

The place appeared to be utterly deserted.

The Bradys that night failed to see even a watchman, and later they learned that there was none.

But the singular feature of the place was the existence of a small stone church right by the yard of the works, with a graveyard stretching behind it, enclosed within a low, stone wall.

The church fronted the road, and the end of the graveyard wall was right up against the blast furnace.

The Bradys subsequently learned that the church and "cemetery," as Senator Brickmore had styled the little enclosure, were the property of a sect called "Tunkers,"

or "Dunkers," peculiar to Pennsylvania, and that they had persistently refused to dispose of the property to Peter McGraw, who located his works here on account of a swiftly running stream, which supplied power.

Old King Brady and Harry had carefully studied the plan in the letter.

They knew that they were to enter the graveyard on the left-hand side behind the barn, which stood some ten feet away from the wall.

Acting according to their instructions, the detectives indeed used every caution.

Harry slipped into the yard first, while Old King Brady sauntered on along the road as far as a bridge which crossed the stream in question.

The water ran some forty feet below the bridge, between steep, rocky banks.

On top of the left-hand bank, as Old King Brady stood facing downstream, was the north wall of the graveyard.

And behind this wall the trees grew so thick as to entirely hide the blast furnace.

Seen as Old King Brady saw it, then, the place was just a wild, romantic glen, and it was difficult to realize that only two years before it had been the scene of a great industry.

Such were the Hermitage Works and their surroundings.

This careful description is necessary for the correct understanding of what is to follow.

Having waited a minute or two, Old King Brady proceeded to join Harry behind the long barn.

"Seen anybody?" he asked.

"Not a soul. And you?" was the reply.

"No one."

"Then we may as well get busy."

"Yes."

"This appears to be the exact spot."

"As nearly as I can make out—yes."

"Well, then, let us get over that wall."

Harry sprang up, caught the top of the wall and, holding on with both hands, managed to pull himself up upon it.

Then, bending down, he gave his partner a lift.

They jumped down on the inside and stood peering about.

Fortunately for their purpose, the storm had passed.

Though there was no moon, the stars were all out and there was little difficulty in seeing what they sought.

"There's the marble cross," said Harry, pointing.

"I see it," replied the old detective. "The tomb is on a line with it, close to the other wall."

"Yes; come on."

They made their way among the gravestones, coming at last in sight of a solid granite structure close to the wall which overhung the glen through which the stream flowed.

The entrance, which was guarded by an iron gate formed of steel bars, faced the church.

Within the coffin boxes could be seen in niches. There was no interior door, but there was a considerable space between the gate and the beginning of the niches, for the tomb was unusually long.



"A singular way to build a tomb, to leave it open like that," said Old King Brady.

"Very," replied Harry. "I should imagine the snow would drive in winters."

Over the gate the name McGraw was cut in large letters.

The detectives had surely reached the correct place.

Old King Brady looked at his watch.

It still lacked a few minutes of ten, and they waited.

Precisely on the moment the old detective approached the gate and, putting his face close to the bars, he shouted three times:

"Brady! Brady! Brady!"

There was no response.

The detectives waited five minutes or more, but still there was nothing doing.

"You better holler again, hadn't you, Governor?" demanded Harry.

"Such are not our instructions."

"But if whoever is expected to answer does not hear?"

"Wait a few minutes, Harry. Don't be impatient. We are charged to follow out instructions to the letter."

Five minutes more passed.

"I think I will venture to call again," Old King Brady then said.

"I would."

"Hold on! Something doing."

A faint light was now visible within the dark recesses of the tomb.

Where it came from the detectives could not exactly make out, but it appeared to rise, and presently it shone full in their faces.

Then, all in an instant, it vanished, and a voice spoke:

"You are Old King Brady?"

Such were the words.

The voice seemed to come from low down close to the floor of the tomb.

"I am Old King Brady," called the old detective. "I am here by order of Senator Brickmore. Speak, whoever you are!"

"I am but a mortal, like yourself. Do not take me for a spirit," the voice said.

"I hear. Proceed!"

"Swear that you will not attempt to force an entrance to this tomb or in any way to seek to penetrate the mystery with which I choose to surround myself."

"I swear! I am here strictly for business. Whatever you order goes."

"It is well. Friend, I am a man dead to the world, and yet I cannot rest. A spirit haunts me; she—it is the spirit of a female whom I knew on earth and who thinks I wronged her—orders me to do certain things. I cannot do them without violating a vow which I have taken and I desire you to do them for me. Are you willing?"

Now, under ordinary circumstances, the Bradys would, of course, have been inclined to decline to act upon any such fantastic request.

But they were in this matter acting under the orders of the United States Secret Service Bureau, and Old King Brady could only assent and assure the voice that he was prepared to act under his instructions.

As for the "spirit" part of the business, the old detective avoided any allusion to it.

"It is well," said the voice. "Now, friend, what I desire you to do is this. But, stay—I perceive that you are not alone."

"No. My partner is here with me," Old King Brady replied.

"It is well. As you passed through the steel yard you doubtless observed the blast furnace?"

"We did."

"Then proceed there. You will find the door locked, but the key is hidden behind the stone step which leads up to it. Open the door. Enter. Watch the stack. I have conjured the spirit to appear to-night and to repeat to you the words she has so often spoken to me. Whether she will do this or not, I, of course, cannot say. Wait until one o'clock. If nothing happens then come again to-morrow night and repeat the watch. If she appears upon no account seek to interfere with her in any way, but listen closely to what she says. Then return here and call through the bars, as you did before. Will you do this?"

"We will," replied Old King Brady. "Your wishes shall be fulfilled to the letter."

There was no answer.

"Is that all you have to say, friend?" Old King Brady called.

Still there was no answer.

"I guess he has closed up shop, Governor," whispered Harry.

"I imagine so," replied Old King Brady. "Well, this is a singular piece of business, to say the least."

"Isn't it? Who do you suppose that fellow can be?"

"We can decide that point better when we have interviewed his spirit."

"Something new for the Bradys to be hired to interview a ghost."

"All the same we will go at it. Come!"

They passed over the wall again and proceeded to the blast furnace.

The stack was enclosed in a substantial brick building, and the Bradys found the door locked, as the voice had said.

Harry looked for the key and promptly discovered it behind the stone step.

He opened the door and entered.

"Well, here is your stack or cupola or whatever they call it," said Old King Brady, looking around.

"Which is it called?"

"Blest if I know. The voice said 'stack,' but I am not sure that he is correct."

The Bradys kept away from the thing, for there were grooves in the floor in front, for the molten metal to flow in, and they were afraid of stumbling.

But they made the rounds of the structure.

Harry stepped outside.

"Look here, Governor! There is another of these blast furnaces," he exclaimed. "I wonder if we have the right one."

"Indeed! The voice said nothing of there being two."

"That's so. How can we tell?"



"We found the key all right. That's something to go by."

"And so it is. But there might be a key to the other, too."

"Try it and see."

Harry went to the other furnace door and came back reporting no key.

"Then we stay here," said Old King Brady. "We will turn off the light and take up our place right here by this door."

They accordingly put up their electric flashlights and waited, with nothing to help them to see the ghost but the starlight coming in through the door.

A long, tedious wait followed.

Midnight came, and still there was nothing doing.

Old King Brady grew very restless.

"This is all nonsense, I am afraid," he said at last. "The idea of engaging us to interview a ghost! It is absurd."

"But we have the Secret Service Bureau and Senator Brickmore back of it," replied Harry. "What are we to do?"

"Put it through for to-night and to-morrow, I suppose, and then ring off and report."

"I think—hush!"

Harry suddenly dropped his voice and laid his hand upon his partner's arm.

"Well!"

Old King Brady's exclamation was in even a lower tone than Harry's "hush" had been spoken.

"Did you see it?" whispered Young King Brady.

"I certainly did."

"And it looked like?"

"Harry, it may have been imagination on the part of us both, but I certainly thought I saw a woman in white look out at us around the corner of the cupola."

And this was precisely what Harry had seen.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BRADYS TAKE A CASE FROM A VOICE.

The Bradys were all attention now, and naturally.

Breathlessly they waited, for the lure of this mystery of the blast furnaces was strong upon them.

Suddenly a woman's form came in sight around the corner of the cupola again.

She was a small person, dressed entirely in white.

The eyes of the detectives, now long accustomed to the gloom of the place, could even make out her features.

She looked like a woman young and singularly beautiful; but there was something wild about the eyes.

For a moment she watched them, and then vanished behind the furnace.

Having been instructed not to address her, the Bradys did not utter a word.

"We should have spoken," breathed Harry.

"Wait," whispered Old King Brady. "Perhaps she will come again."

And she did.

In a minute the figure suddenly darted out from behind the cupola.

This time she advanced further and, coming nearly opposite the detectives, but keeping close to the cupola, stopped.

Then she spoke.

"Listen!" was said in a voice so low that the Bradys could scarcely catch the words. "He is not dead. Another has usurped his name and place. Tell this to him who sent you. Tell him if he values his peace hereafter, when he enters the world from which I come, that he must act now!"

Thus saying, the form darted behind the cupola and vanished.

"By heaven! I'll know whether he is real or not!" breathed Harry, and he made for the cupola.

"Hold on!" cried Old King Brady. "You are breaking orders!"

But Harry had got started, and for once he kicked over the traces and ran entirely around the furnace.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady, too much interested to do the discipline-for-disobedience act.

"She is not there, Governor."

"So? I'll take a look."

He produced his electric flashlight now, and they both made the round of the cupola.

Not only was there no ghost, but the Bradys failed to find any opening through which the form could have vanished.

Such was the mystery of the blast furnace.

That the Bradys left the place in a puzzled frame of mind, is in no way surprising.

What this end of the business meant they found themselves at a loss to imagine.

Harry locked the door and restored the key to its place behind the step.

"Well! We appear to have seen the ghost all right," he said.

"That's what!" answered Old King Brady.

"Of course, she was a live woman."

"Why raise the question, Harry? As though any one could doubt it."

"Going back to the tomb?"

"Certainly. Come on!"

They climbed back over the wall and walked toward the tomb.

Arrived there Old King Brady shouted his own name three times again.

This time the wait was but a brief one.

There was no light shown, but the voice spoke.

"Well, did you see what you went to see?" was asked.

"I did."

"And what was said?"

Old King Brady repeated the words of the "ghost."

"It is well," said the voice. "I will act, or, rather, you shall act for me. Walk away and turn your backs. When I call return to the gate and you will find your instructions lying outside the bars. Follow them, and remember that for all you do you shall be promptly and liberally paid."

The Bradys walked forward a short distance and stood with their backs turned.



"By thunder! I'd like to take a peep," whispered Harry.

"Don't think of it," said the old detective. "Whoever this strange man is, I propose to keep faith with him."

In a moment the voice called:

"Ready! Good night, gentlemen! I wish you success, but let me add I have little hope of it. If, however, you do succeed you will have accomplished a great work."

The Bradys turned and went back to the tomb.

There, just outside the bars, lay a scrap of paper.

Old King Brady picked it up, flashed his lantern upon it and read as follows:

"Call on Francis McGraw, No. — Wood street, and say to him that you have reason to suspect that Peter McGraw, son of the late Peter McGraw, is not the real Peter McGraw, Jr., but an impostor. Act upon what he tells you, or in any way you please, to prove this point, if you can. Claim to be acting for Senator Brickmore. I trust you not to tell of what you have seen and heard to-night to this man. In case of success report to the Senator. In case of failure render your bill to him, the same as if you had succeeded. The Voice from the Tomb."

"As singular as all the rest of it," said Harry.

"Yes, but it is the wind-up for to-night. Let us go," replied the old detective, and they started for the wall.

They had just come in sight of it when the attention of both was attracted by a scrambling noise, and suddenly a strange figure appeared on top of the wall.

It was a dwarfish negro, with an unusually small head and pinched-up features.

He looked more like a monkey than a man.

The Bradys stood watching.

For a moment the misshapen creature stood on the top of the wall, and then he leaped down on the inside.

Scarcely had he touched the ground when he seemed to see the Bradys, for he gave a shrill, animal-like cry, and ran off among the headstones with great speed.

"More mystery," said Harry.

"And in some way connected with our voice," replied the old detective. "You may depend upon it."

"Shall we lie low and watch?"

"Not at all. It is none of our business, and I propose to keep faith with our singular employer."

This ended the adventures of the night.

The Bradys returned to the Rising Sun Tavern and went to bed.

In the morning Alice was informed of what had happened and the detectives returned to Pittsburg, registering at the Hotel Schenley.

"And now for this man McGraw," said Old King Brady. "Alice, as three would be too much of an invasion, I am afraid we shall have to cut you out again."

"What must be, must," laughed Alice; "but I can already see my work in this case. I shall have to fascinate this Prince of Pittsburg. Lovely task!"

"It may not come to that," said Harry, "and I am sure I hope not, for he is a man, from all accounts, whom any decent woman might well shun."

The Bradys walked down Wood street and found their number attached to one of those queer, old-fashioned, brick dwellings, formerly too common in Pittsburg.

It was but two stories high and stood flush with the street, wedged in between two business buildings.

Alongside the doorway was a sign reading:

"Francis McGraw, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law."

The sign looked to be as old as the building. It was evident that Francis McGraw must have been practising law on Wood street for many years.

The Bradys walked into a narrow hall and opened the first door they came to.

This led into a little office, evidently intended as a waiting room, and here sat an aged man at a desk, who turned and inquired their business.

"I wish to see Mr. McGraw," replied the old detective. "Are you the gentleman?"

"I am his clerk," was the answer. "Mr. McGraw is engaged at present. What did you want to see him about?"

"A private matter. Will you kindly hand him my card?"

"Oh! A detective," said the clerk, glancing at the card.

"Yes."

"Mr. McGraw will want to know your business. He is old and rather feeble. He does not care for new clients."

"Tell him I come from Senator Brickmore."

The old man looked up, curiously.

"Why, my dear sir, you have mentioned Mr. McGraw's worst enemy," he said.

"I am sorry. I am acting under instructions. I think Mr. McGraw will want to see me. Kindly hand in my card."

"You will have to wait," said the clerk, laying the card upon the desk, "and there is no telling how long he may be engaged."

The Bradys waited fully three-quarters of an hour, and at last a prosperous-looking business man came out of the inner office, followed by a very striking-looking person, who was evidently the lawyer himself.

He was a man fully six-foot-three, and large in proportion.

His hair was snow-white, and he wore a fringe of white whiskers all around his face in the old style, known fifty years ago as the "Belfast tie."

He shook hands with his client and glanced inquiringly at the Bradys. The clerk handed him the card, saying: "From Senator Brickmore."

The old lawyer scowled.

"What did you want to see me for, sir?" he asked, in no pleasant tone.

"On a private matter, which I will put to you as briefly as possible," replied Old King Brady.

"And Brickmore sent you to me? I can hardly believe it."

"Do you doubt my word, Mr. McGraw? I assure you, sir——"

"Wait!" broke in the old man. "When did Senator Brickmore tell you to call on me?"

"My orders were received yesterday, by letter."

"Oh! Well. I have heard of you, Mr. Brady. On your own account I will listen to what you have to say."



For Senator Brickmore I would do nothing. The man was my worst enemy."

"Was!" exclaimed Old King Brady, startled by the emphasis placed upon the word.

"Yes—was!" replied the lawyer, raising his voice. "Evidently you have neglected to read the papers this morning, Mr. Brady."

"Well! I admit it. Is the Senator dead?"

"Died of heart disease on the train last night while on his way to Washington."

"Is it possible? Well, Mr. McGraw, all I can say is, that as I never met the gentlemen, his death only concerns me in relation to the matter which I wish to consult you."

"Walk in. This young man——"

"Is my partner. I should like to have him present at the interview, if you do not object."

"It is nothing to me. Come in!"

The Bradys followed Mr. McGraw into an old-fashioned office, a relic of the distant past.

The walls were lined with law books; a flat-topped desk stood near the window, littered with papers, behind which Mr. McGraw seated himself, motioning the Bradys to chairs.

But, now that he had penetrated the inner sanctum, Old King Brady scarcely knew how to proceed in the light of the Senator's unexpected death.

"I shall have to break faith with the unknown in part," he thought. "I really don't see how it can be helped."

And aloud he added: "Mr. McGraw, this matter concerns the young man known as Peter McGraw and styled by the newspapers the 'Prince of Pittsburg.' From certain things which had come to his knowledge Senator Brickmore came to believe that this young man is an impostor. He evidently consulted the United States Secret Service people about it, for we are under orders from the chief of the bureau to look the matter up."

Mr. McGraw instantly "sat up and paid attention."

"What!" he exclaimed. "My nephew, you say, is an impostor! Is the real one, then, dead?"

"That's what we shall have to get at."

"Well, well! If that is so, I—er—come, Mr. Brady, you are interesting me! If young Peter is dead that leaves me heir to thirty or forty millions."

"Now I've got him!" thought Old King Brady. "Any old thing will go now!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ALICE IDENTIFIES THE GHOST.

Old King Brady made his preliminary explanation to Mr. Francis McGraw very short.

To this he added:

"I will say frankly, Mr. Graw, that I am sworn to secrecy on certain points. Later I may be able to explain further; but now the question is to make a start. I know absolutely nothing about this young man, and I have come to you for information, so if you can help me out you may be helping yourself to these millions."

"Go ahead!" replied the lawyer. "Question me. What is it you want to know?"

"Just what relation are you to the 'Prince,' as we will call him?"

"I am his father's eldest brother, if he is Peter McGraw."

"Your brother disappeared some years ago. Do you know the particulars?"

"No; except that he went to New York on business and was never heard of again. We had been on bad terms for many years; but in spite of the fact that we did not even recognize each other on the street Peter, in the will which was probated, made me residuary legatee. That is, in case of the death of his son without children, I get all, which was right, for I am the only living relative."

"Is there any reason known to you why your brother should wish to pretend to be dead?"

"He was a very peculiar man always; there never was any telling where he was going to break out next. There is only one thing I can think of. That happened about a year before his disappearance."

"And it was?"

"It is rather a long story. The son was paying attention to a pretty girl out at McGrawsville, the daughter of a common ironworker, one Daisy Whitemeyer. He wanted to marry her, but his father interfered, and Peter was sent abroad. The girl took it very much to heart. She went crazy, and, I believe, died in an asylum. Peter, Jr., returned in a few months and went off to Bannock Springs, up in the Alleghenys, where my brother had a shooting lodge. It was while he was there that Peter—my brother, I mean—disappeared in New York."

"How came the courts to decide that he was dead?"

"I understand that there was reason to believe that he committed suicide by jumping from one of the New York ferryboats. That is all I know, Mr. Brady. It is very many years since I have taken any interest in my brother's affairs."

"Who was your brother's attorney?"

"J. H. Shanley. His office is in the new Frick Building."

"And his character?"

"He stands high, but I have personal reasons for knowing him to be a rascal."

"Would you know your nephew if you saw him?"

"I would not be willing to swear to it. But I'll tell you a sure proof. Pete when he was born had a big, brown mole low down on his back, and it's there yet if he is alive. It was one of the kind which never disappear, but rather increase in size with age."

"Very important. Now, Mr. McGraw, all this is confidential, of course."

"Certainly."

"And another thing in confidence—I shall give no explanations, but I am going to show you a paper. I should like to hear what you have to say."

And Old King Brady handed out the letter he had received from the "Voice," to Harry's surprise.

He was determined to do it, for the more he thought of the matter the more hopeless it seemed to make headway without such a move, now that Senator Brickmore was dead.



The effect was startling.

No sooner had he glanced at the paper than the old lawyer threw up his hands, with a cry of surprise.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"You are asking questions, and I can only answer that it came to me through Senator Brickmore."

"It is my brother's handwriting!"

"I guessed as much."

"And he orders you to come to me! Strange! He is alive, of course. I always suspected it. We McGraws are Scotch, Mr. Brady. We know when our own are dead. I never could make it out that Peter was really gone. You must tell me more, sir."

"Can't do it now, Mr. McGraw, and you must return that paper. Will you work with us to solve this mystery, or is your hatred for your brother too strong?"

"I feel no hatred for him. The break was all on his side. I'll do anything I can; but surely if he is alive he is the one to act."

"I don't know that he is alive. I don't know who wrote that order, but I hope to learn."

"And you think Brickmore knew the truth of this singular business?"

"I am sure of it."

"What a pity he is dead! Were he living I would force the truth from his treacherous lips!"

The Bradys pulled out soon after this and nothing further developed.

Harry was quite stirred up over the interview.

"This is going to be a big case, Governor," he said. "I never saw such a puzzle; but, anyway, we ought to come in for a good, fat fee."

"It looks so," replied Old King Brady; "but we want to get right to work. As the letter intimated, our interview with Mr. McGraw has given us a lot of material to work up."

"Don't send Alice to New York to get next to that fellow. I cannot bear to think of her having anything to do with the drunken beast."

"I have no such intention now, Harry. I consider that your job, and the sooner you get down to it the better. Alice shall take up the ghost mystery and see what she can learn. As for myself, I am going to this Bannock Springs. I want to find out what was going on there just previous to Peter McGraw's disappearance. After that I shall look up this lawyer. But, first, we must be sure that the Prince is really in New York."

"He was the day we left. The papers were full of a ten-thousand-dollar dinner he had given the night before. A most scandalous affair in every way."

"If you can believe the papers. Probably the dinner did not cost a third of the sum named."

"How shall we prove that he is in New York—call at his house?"

"Yes. Go into that drug store and look him up in the directory."

Harry came out in a minute reporting that the Prince lived in East Liberty, giving street and number.

"Take a cab, go out there and see what you can do," said the old detective. "You will find me at the hotel."

When Harry returned it was with the report that the McGraw mansion in East Liberty was closed and in charge

of a custodian, who assured him that Mr. McGraw was in New York and that he had apartments on Fifth avenue.

"Well, he won't stay there long at this season," said Old King Brady, "so the sooner you hit New York the better. Alice is going to McGrawsville to engage a room and I am off for Bannock Springs at four o'clock."

And thus the Bradys got down to work in their usual energetic style.

Leaving Old King Brady and Harry to go their several ways, we propose first to follow Alice, for she was able to produce results at the very start.

When the blast furnaces at the Hermitage were working it had been possible to go to McGrawsville by the Buffalo and Pittsburgh Railroad, for a branch ran to the works from Pomeroy, two miles distant.

When Alice, attired like a working woman, asked for a ticket for Pomeroy at the station that afternoon she happened to mention that McGrawsville was actually her destination, and the agent informed her that he could sell her a ticket to that village if she wished.

"Why," said Alice, "I understood that the branch road had stopped running."

"So it did for a while," replied the agent, "but it started up again this morning. They are going to open up the Hermitage Works day after to-morrow."

So Alice bought a ticket for McGrawsville and was landed within a hundred yards of the blast furnaces.

She found that she had plenty of company, and that the town was by no means the deserted village which Harry had described to her.

The stores were getting ready to open, as well as the works.

Men had been flocking in all day, and wagon loads of furniture were arriving.

The office of the Hermitage Company had opened that morning and men were at work cleaning up the blast furnaces.

"They'll roast the ghost out," thought Alice. "Really, I am afraid this is going to spoil all my plans."

For Alice had come to McGrawsville in the hope of being able to solve the mystery of the blast furnaces.

She first inquired at the store for some place where she could get board, claiming to have been sent out of the city by her doctor.

She was a plain, working woman, and she wanted to be among working people, she declared; and the storekeeper named three families, all of whom had remained in McGrawsville during the dull times.

Alice chose a Mrs. Taylor, an elderly woman, with a simple-minded daughter.

This woman had formerly been a servant in the McGraw family, and was in receipt of a small pension under Peter McGraw's will, which just enabled her to live.

She received Alice pleasantly enough, and readily agreed to take her to board for a week or two.

So, paying a week in advance, Alice took possession of an humble room, which she did not leave until teatime.

Then work began.

The object was to make Mrs. Taylor talk, and there was no trouble about it, the difficulty being, rather, to get in a word now and then.



So Alice heard all about the McGraws, the old man's disappearance, the wildness of the young man, and the closing of the works.

But the one point she wanted most to get at the woman seemed to avoid.

This was the engagement of the Prince to the girl Daisy Whitemeyer.

At last Alice had to start it for herself.

"I have heard something about your people up here, Mrs. Taylor," she said at length. "Wasn't young Mr. Peter engaged to marry a working girl, who went crazy, or something like that?"

"You don't get it straight; she was no working girl. She was every bit as good as he was," replied the woman.

"And her name?"

"She was Daisy Whitemeyer. Her father was pattern-maker at the works and her mother was dead. They lived next door here. The father had been rich, but he lost all. Daisy was educated in a convent. She was a beautiful creature, Miss Hunt, that's what she was."

Alice had given the name of Hannah Hunt when she engaged board at Mrs. Taylor's.

"And she went crazy and died?" she asked.

"I don't like to talk about it, my dear," said Mrs. Taylor, lowering her voice, although the simple-minded girl had left the table before this. "It was a shame. Mr. Peter was as good a boy as ever lived in them days. He loved her true and would have married her, but the old man made an awful time and threatened to cut him off with a dollar. Then away he goes to Europe, and then Whitemeyer up and dies, all of a sudden. It was too much for Daisy. She went raving mad over her father's coffin. They took her to the asylum, and there she died, so they say. Old Peter McGraw paid for it all. We never saw her alive again, but——"

Mrs. Taylor paused and looked mysterious.

"Is there any doubt that she is really dead?" Alice asked.

"Oh, dear, no! No doubt at all," replied the woman. "She is dead all right, only——"

Again the pause and look of mystery.

"Well?" demanded Alice. "I am so interested! You are keeping something back."

"It would do you no good to hear it, my dear. Only make you nervous."

"You mean that her ghost walks. You believe that?" persisted Alice, reading the woman's mind.

"It isn't that I believe it," replied Mrs. Taylor, dropping her voice to a whisper. "I know it! She haunts the blast furnaces, my dear. I have seen her with my own two eyes!"

## CHAPTER V.

### HUNTING FOR THE "PRINCE."

It was something less than a year before the opening of our story that the "Prince of Pittsburg" struck New York.

And from that day on the town had been ringing with his wild extravagances and reckless living, which was so

gross that New York Society, in spite of all his millions, refused to receive him.

There is a limit for the high roller, even in New York, and the Prince had rolled far and away beyond it.

Such hotels as the St. Régis and the Waldorf-Astoria would have none of him.

From the more aristocratic Holland House he was requested to get out and stay out almost at the start.

Of course, the yellow journals made great capital of him, and scarcely a week passed when the "Prince" was not written up in some way.

And equally of course this young spendthrift quickly attracted a following.

If Newport and Tuxedo closed their doors against him there were plenty of people who flung them wide open, and in the Tenderloin there was no better-known figure at the time Harry returned to New York on the somewhat difficult mission of cultivating his acquaintance than the Prince of Pittsburg.

Harry gave the matter much thought during his long ride.

It was easy enough to obtain an introduction to young McGraw, but Harry wanted more than that.

He wanted to get next all in a minute, so that he could be on sufficiently intimate terms as to have some hope of gaining the fellow's confidence, and he thought of many plans.

Knowing nothing of the daily habits of the Prince, it was exceedingly difficult to decide.

At last Harry hit upon one which for absolute novelty could hardly be matched.

Reaching New York, he lost not a moment in disguising himself as a young workingman, and in this role he sought the engine room of the fashionable bachelor apartment house in which the Prince had an entire floor and lived surrounded by servants and hangers-on, some of them the most notorious rounders in New York.

Of the engineer Harry asked for a job as helper, and did not get it, of course.

But he had cigars with him, and he managed his cards so well that, while the engineer helped him to smoke up the weeds, Harry pumped him dry on the subject of the Prince.

Thus when Young King Brady left the engine room he knew all about the young man's comings and goings and had something to start on.

His next move, having resumed his usual dress, was to hurry over to a certain saloon on the Bowery, where he was known, and, getting the proprietor's ear, he took him into the back room and slipped him twenty-five dollars.

"Well," said the man—his name we don't care to mention—"what's this for then? You are gunning for something big, Brady?"

"That's what I am," replied Harry. "I want a slugger."

"Ah, ha! Somebody to be done up?"

"Not at all. Only a bluff."

"Tell it out."

"Know the right party—one who can be depended on?"

"Three."

"One's enough. Who is he?"

"The most intelligent of the bunch is Chris McCabe."



"Never heard of him."

"No; I suppose not. He's only an amateur, but he's a good one, and he doesn't drink. Trouble with your regulators is they are mostly hushers; all I know are, at all events. They won't take a detective job unless you stake 'em in advance and as soon as they feel the dough in their pockets they begin to booze."

"There is a whole lot in that, of course. Can I see this McCabe?"

"Sure. I'll send for him."

And in about half an hour Harry found himself being introduced to a bullet-headed young fellow, with arms on him like a blacksmith, and, as it subsequently developed, such was his trade, although he was then training with a view to entering the prize ring as a professional.

"An' what do yous want, Mr. Brady," he asked, "some mut done up? I've done such turns, but me charge is high."

"How high?" demanded Harry.

"If yous was a lawyer I should say a C, but seein' as yous is a detective an' might do me a favor some time I'll make it an L."

"Meaning fifty, I suppose. It is all the job is worth to me. I'll pay it, but that's the limit."

"Dat's what I said. Who's de guy?"

"You better not know. Now, then, listen. You may get arrested. If so, I will have you out in the morning and pay all charges."

"Dat's all right," grinned McCabe. "I don't mind a little ting like dat. But who's de guy?"

"As I said before, I won't tell you. Know Pop Conners' place?"

"Naw."

"It's a swell gambling house on 4—th street, just off Fifth avenue. You want to get up there to-night about half-past eleven. Ring the bell and send in a letter, which I will give you. If all works well a man will come out, whom I will describe to you in a minute. You want to follow him to the northwest corner of Forty-second street and Fifth avenue. Here he should stop and look around. Then slug him. Don't hurt him, but knock him about. I shall jump in to the rescue and you must fall down the minute I strike, and then beat it as quick as you can."

"I tumble; but, spos'n he don't come?"

"Then we try it again some other way at another time, and you get five dollars extra for your waiting time."

"Well, all right; I'll go you. But I must say I don't like the job any too well. Suppose he puts up a fight before you get around?"

"Land him one or two good ones. I don't care, only don't blacken his eyes if you can help it."

Harry then described the Prince minutely.

He had seen the fellow several times, and he had also received full particulars of his manner of dressing from the engineer, which he was careful to give to Chris McCabe.

These arrangements completed, Harry returned to the office of the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square and concocted the following letter, which he had written:

"New York, ———.

"Mr. McGraw:

"Dear Sir—I hope you will pardon a stranger. I am just from Pittsburg, and I want to say that, while coming over in the Pullman, I overheard a conversation between J. H. Shanley, the lawyer in the Frick Building, and one of the best-known pugilists in America. The subject of that conversation was yourself. Shanley has hired this man to do you up—why, I don't know—but it is a fact. You should have heard what I heard! He put the fellow wise to all your methods. It is known that you go to Brownson's Turkish baths usually on Tuesdays and Fridays around midnight. The attack will be made there and the night superintendent and rubbers have been bribed to keep away and hold their tongues."

"There was a whole lot more said, which I could tell you personally, but I don't care to write it. Among other things, I overheard that you visit to this house nearly every night, so I am sending this letter to you here. I shall stand on the southwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, and if you care to come I will tell you all. You will know me by a pink carnation in my coat.

"I'll just give you the hint. Detectives are watching you night and day. Of course, all this is nothing to me and I expect not one cent from you, my dear sir, but I do hate to see a young fellow who has got money enough to enjoy himself like a gentleman treated like this. I have always admired you from a distance. I only wish I was in your shoes!

Yours truly,

"Henry Camp.

"Address, Broadway Central Hotel.

"P. S.—I'm traveling for the Hughes Glass Works, Pittsburg."

Harry now hurried down to the Broadway Central hotel and copied off this letter upon the hotel paper and enclosed it in a hotel envelope.

This done, he hired a cab, went to the old house on Washington Square where the Bradys have kept bachelors' hall for a number years.

Here he packed a small steamer trunk, well covered with foreign labels, with a few clothes, books and other things, and also filled an expensive Gladstone bag of alligator skin, put a suit of his best clothes in a dress suitcase, both bags being well labeled, and, having had the Bradys' man Julius load all on the cab, he ordered the driver to take him to the Manhattan Hotel on Forty-second street, where he engaged an expensive suite of rooms, registering as James H. Ackworth, St. Paul Minn.

The trap was now almost ready to spring, but not quite.

As a finishing touch Harry made a hurried trip to Wall street and, calling on a well-known firm of private bankers, the head of which is under deep obligations to the Bradys, he arranged that in case of any one inquiring for or about James H. Ackworth, of St. Paul, the inquirer should be informed that Mr. Ackworth had unlimited credit with the firm.

All this finished, Harry, who was now dressed up to the moment, returned to the hotel, where he proceeded to deport himself as an ordinary guest.

Of course, all hung upon the chance of the Prince of



Pittsburg being at Pop Conners' gambling house that night.

But Harry had learned enough from the engineer to assure him that the Prince was an inveterate gambler and a frequenter of Pop Conners' house, then the swell tano bank of New York, and about the only place left where the high roller could at once find himself in congenial society and feel safe from arrest.

Personally Young King Brady had never been there, for the place was a new one, and Harry is entirely too busy a man to spend time in taking in the sights of the town.

But Young King Brady had stacked his cards better than he knew.

The Prince's headquarters were right around the corner on Fifth avenue.

Harry supposed that, of course, he had his own private cook and took his meals in his apartments, the same as most of his kind.

And thus his surprise can be imagined when that evening at dinner the head waiter, with many bows and flourishes, showed a man in full evening dress to the table near the window at which Harry sat.

It was the Prince himself!

"Very sorry I can't give you a single table, sir," said the waiter, with a half-insolent glare at Harry; "but we are unusually crowded to-night."

"Oh, this will do," replied the Prince, carelessly, and he seated himself opposite Harry, who, of course, was interested in everything else but this new arrival.

And during that meal Young King Brady found ample opportunity to study the Prince.

He was a much coarser looking fellow than Harry had expected to see, and his face bore ample evidence of the pace he was traveling.

As he continued to furtively study him, Young King Brady began to have doubts as to whether this was actually his man.

The Prince, on his side of the table, was taking Harry in, too.

The sight should have been a more agreeable one.

For Harry is a pretty good-looking fellow.

He had made no attempt to disguise, feeling that if he did succeed in coming in close contact with the Prince this would only tell against him.

But what he had done was to make a display of jewelry which was enough to make any one pay attention.

A superb diamond scarfpin, a gypsy ring, with an enormous sapphire and two fine diamonds, and a pair of ruby and diamond cuff links was the outfit.

The Prince also wore diamonds, but they were in no way to be compared with Harry's.

If a chance to speak had offered Young King Brady would not have been slow to embrace it, but none did.

In old times New Yorkers meeting thus at a table as strangers invariably spoke and showed each other such slight attentions as the situation called for.

But all this has changed, and not even in London is it more out of order to cultivate the attention of strangers.

But he also used his tongue when he left the dining

room, which he did before the stranger had finished his meal.

The head waiter did not scowl insolently when Harry tipped him a two-dollar bill.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" he said. "Beg pardon for putting a gentleman at your table, but I really could not help it, sir. There was no other suitable place."

"That's all right," replied Harry. "Who is he, then? He seems quite a swell."

"Young Mr. McGraw," replied the head waiter, dropping his voice. "Him that the papers call the 'Prince of Pittsburg.' You must have heard of him, sir."

"Can't say that I have. Who is he, and what is he?"

"Oh, sir, he isn't anything. He doesn't have to be. He is very rich—e-normous! Yes!"

"Ah, ha!" said Harry. "I wish I was in his shoes," and he passed out, satisfied that fortune was going to favor him.

"And so I catch my ball on the fly," he said to himself. "Well! I'm going to succeed!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD KING BRADY GETS BUSY.

Bannock Springs is not one of the swellest of Pennsylvania summer resorts, nevertheless it is pretty swell.

Located far up in the wilds of the western slope of the Alleghenys, it has long been a favorite resort for Pittsburgers of the middle class, rather than the very rich, and the time of its opening antedates July 1, although the Hotel Bannock, the largest of three which stand around Bannock Lake, usually opens its doors on June 15.

But it was now only the first week in June, and Old King Brady, after a long and tedious ride on a buckboard up one of the steepest and wildest mountain roads he had ever traveled, reached the Hotel Bannock just at nightfall and only to be refused accommodations over night by the manager, one of the surliest men the old detective had ever met.

"It's no use. I wouldn't take in my own brother until we get ready to open," the man declared. "We have no chambermaids, and there is no man here who wants to do woman's work."

This was said after Old King Brady had been told that of the other two hotels one was in the hands of carpenters and painters, and that the other would not open that summer.

It was after six, and it looked as if it might rain, so Old King Brady found himself in a fix.

But he turned his back on the Bannock without further talk, not caring to play the unwelcome guest.

A few of the cottages were already occupied, but not many. Others were in the hands of mechanics and cleaners.

Old King Brady descended an interminable flight of wooden steps, which brought him down to the lake front.

Here there were many boats tied up and some workmen just knocking off for the day, who had apparently been making some repairs to a large bathhouse.



Old King Brady spoke to one and inquired if there was any place where he could get accommodations for the night, stating that he had been refused at the Hotel Bannock.

"Why, I am afraid not," replied the man. "We are stopping at Wrigley's, the only mechanics' boarding house up here; we are so crowded that a lot of us are sleeping on the floor. I am afraid, sir, you won't get in anywhere. You might try at the Lakeview Hotel."

"The one about to open?"

"Yes."

"And where is that?"

"About a mile along the road which runs around the lake. You want to go east, to your left hand, that is."

"There is a third hotel, is there not?"

"Yes; the old Mountain House. That's closed up."

"And where does it lie?"

"A mile or so beyond the Lakeview. They have not opened there for the last three years."

"One question more, and many thanks for your information," persisted the old detective. "Where is the McGraw cottage?"

"That's beyond the Mountain House again," was the reply. "It's the last house on the road as you go around the lake. I should say, all of three miles from here."

"I am thinking of buying it," said the old detective, seeing that the man was getting curious. "Very much obliged. There is a caretaker up there, I suppose?"

"I believe there is," replied the carpenter, and he hurried on up the steps after his companions.

Old King Brady stood for a few moments looking off on the lake, trying to make up his mind what to do.

"Of course, any of these places can be reached by the water," he said to himself. "If I could only get one of these boats I would go right ahead."

There was a man in a boat out on the lake fishing, a little further down on the left.

Old King Brady walked in that direction.

As he came opposite to the boat he saw that the fisherman was a youth of scarcely more than nineteen.

He was barefooted, and apparently had on no other clothes than an old cap, shirt and trousers.

"Evidently a native," thought the old detective. "He's the fellow I want."

"Hey, boy!" he shouted. "Pull ashore. I want to ask you something. I'll make it worth your while."

The native stared for a moment, and then, reeling in his line, took up the oars and began pulling toward the shore.

"I want to go to the McGraw cottage. Can you pull me up there?" the old detective demanded, when he came within hearing.

"What you want to go there for?" drawled the boy.

"I have business there. I'll give you a dollar."

"Huh! No, you don't. Want to get a bullet shot up your back? Want to get chewed to pieces by bloodhounds? You better stay away."

"You are talking about the caretaker," said Old King Brady.

"Ya'as; old Sim Ricketts!"

"He's the man I want to see. You will be safe if you go with me."

"Would, hey? Wa'al, I wouldn't trust him. 'Sides I've gotter get home with my fish."

"Come!" said Old King Brady. "Land me there and I'll give you three dollars; then you can go home with your fish. You don't have to go ashore."

"Well, all right," replied the boy, after a moment's reflection. "I don't s'pose Sim would dare to shoot me so long as I stick to the boat; but unless he knows you, mister, and you have real bizniss with him, I advise you to keep away."

But the fisherboy was advising the wrong man.

Old King Brady's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused to know why the McGraw cottage was left in charge of such a man.

He was soon under way, and he took the boy right in hand.

To begin with, he paid him his three dollars in advance, which, of course, left the hope of an extra fee.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Dan Treadwell," replied the boy.

"You live around here, of course?"

"Sure. I live back in the woods a piece. Why?"

Old King Brady had already determined to risk failure by taking the bull by the horns, for he had no desire to remain more than one day at Bannock Springs.

He accordingly showed his shield to Dan, and announced himself a detective.

"Now, boy," he said, "I'm here for business. If you want to help me and at the same time make five dollars, say the word."

"Who are you after, Sim Ricketts?"

"I'm after nobody. I just want information. If you are good at answering questions you get the five, only no fairy tales. Tell me the truth."

"Well, go ahead," said Dan, eagerly. "If I can help to put Sim Ricketts away I'm yours. He is the meanest man in the county."

"How came he to have charge of that house?"

"Don't know. I expect Lawyer Shanley gave him the job after old man McGraw died."

"You know Shanley?"

"Sure."

"And you knew McGraw?"

"Sure. I used to work up here every summer."

"Did you know young Mr. McGraw?"

"Mr. Pete? Sure! Him and me used to go hunting and fishing together right along."

Old King Brady was now ready to thank his lucky star that he had run into this boy, which he might not have done had he not been rejected by the Hotel Bannock.

"Dan," he said, "do you remember the time when young Mr. Peter came here just after his return from Europe?"

"Sure. He came with Mr. Buxton—him that was drowned in the turtle hole."

"Tell me about that."

"Wa'al, there hain't much to tell. The two on 'em come together and stuck together almost all the time. Young Mr. Pete didn't seem to have no use for me that time. They was out together one night in the boat; they went in swimming up to the turtle hole, and this here Mr. Buxton, he got the cramp an' was drowned."



"The affair created some excitement?"

"Sure. Mr. Shanley made a great kick-up about it; but what good did that do? The man was dead—drowned."

"They found his body, of course?"

"No, they didn't. They never found it. There hain't no bottom areound the turtle hole. I dived for it, an' so did my dad and others; but it wasn't never found; nothin' but his clothes in a boat. Shanley said he'd give, now, a thousand dollars to the fellow who found it, but it could not be found."

"And how did young Mr. Pete take it?"

"I dunno. I didn't see him after that. He went right away."

"What, right away after the accident?"

"Yes; the very next morning. Shanley, he said he had to, now, attend court or something; anyheow, he went right away."

"He often comes up here, I suppose?"

"He hain't never come here sence that ever I heard of. But say, boss, is this what you are after?"

"Yes. I want to prove the death of this man Buxton."

"Oh, he was drowned, all right. His clothes were found in the boat."

To Dan Treadwell's mind this was sufficient evidence, but the boy's story had already shown Old King Brady that he had made no mistake in coming to Bannock Springs.

He pressed Dan for further details, but the boy had reached the end of his rope and had none to give.

Thus to follow the conversation further would be useless.

At last they came in sight of a large and handsome bungalow, standing upon a slight elevation in a clearing well back from the lake.

This was the McGraw cottage, Dan informed Old King Brady.

They had previously passed the two hotels.

This cottage was remote from the Mountain House.

Its situation was an exceedingly lonely one; in fact, there was not another house in sight.

"Come," thought Old King Brady, "Mr. Shanley would have had things pretty much his own way here that time."

It was certainly so, if Dan Treadwell's story was to be believed, for the boy had added that, besides the lawyer and the two young men there had been no one staying at the cottage except Sim Ricketts, who acted as cook.

Dan landed Old King Brady at a little pier and pulled away with his eight dollars.

The old detective tried to prevail upon him to wait, but so great was his fear of Sim Ricketts and the dogs that he declined to listen.

Wondering where he was to pass the night, Old King Brady started up the steep path alone.

He could see nothing of Mr. Sim Ricketts and hear nothing of his dogs, but he did not fail to observe that it was all clouding up in the west and the rumble of distant thunder told the old detective what he had to expect.

Reaching the house, Old King Brady halted a few minutes to see if there was going to be any move on the part of the dogs, but there was not a sound to be heard.

The front of the bungalow was all boarded up, so Old King Brady started around the house and, striking a side door, knocked vigorously.

Inside a furious barking started up.

The old detective waited; no one came to the door but the dogs. He could hear them sniffing at the threshold.

Getting his scent, they broke into vicious yelps.

"Some one ought to show up in a minute, if there is any one alive inside there," thought Old King Brady; but the moments passed and no one came.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE "GHOST."

The thunderstorm which Old King Brady saw in the distance from the mountaintop at Bannock Springs broke over McGrawsville and its blast furnaces while Alice was still listening to Mrs. Taylor's story of the ghost.

It was severe, but soon over.

After it had passed Alice walked out and pushed about a bit, getting her bearings, for she had work on hand for the night which Harry might have objected to had he been present.

For Young King Brady is deeply in love with his talented partner, and always tries to spare her all he can.

If Harry could have his way Alice would have long since retired from the detective business and taken up the cares of housekeeping, but she is far too wrapped up in her fascinating calling to yield to her lover's importunities as yet.

When Alice returned to Mrs. Taylor's she felt that she knew the ropes pretty well.

She made a pretence of retiring, but it was only to get busy later on, for just before midnight, when the house had all quieted down, Alice raised her window—her room was on the ground floor—and climbed out.

Hurrying along the road toward the old church, she opened a gate and passed in behind the wall.

Alice was now in the old Dunker burial ground, and it lacked only a few minutes to twelve, which is supposed to be the time when ghosts walk and graves give up their dead.

But Alice had no belief in ghosts.

Feeling absolute confidence in herself, she had no fear.

She was wrapped in a long, black cloak, which she had bought in Pittsburg for this special purpose, and as the night was partially overcast one would have had to look sharp to see her.

Making her way among the headstones, she approached the other side of the graveyard, where she could look over the wall at the blast furnaces.

Here there was a tomb almost as big as that of the McGraw family, and behind it Alice took her stand.

She had determined to extend her watch for at least two hours before giving it up.

In the meantime she had the hope that something might happen, and within half an hour the performance began.



The first break came when Alice heard a scrambling sound directly behind the barn where the Bradys had climbed the wall.

The next she knew the same dwarfish negro seen by the detectives was on top of the wall.

His back was turned toward Alice.

He bent down and appeared to be talking in whispers to some one behind the wall.

Then in a minute he ran along the top of the wall in the direction of the blast furnaces.

Next he sprang down into the graveyard, and Alice could see him running toward the McGraw tomb.

She glided in that direction, but stopped when she got about half way to the tomb, for she could see the monkey-like figure stand in front of the gate, clinging to the bars.

"Mister! Hey, boss!" he called. "Come on out! The ghost has come!"

Alice saw a light flash within the tomb.

She drew back further.

The boy stood aside.

Presently the gate opened, and a tall figure, wrapped in a cloak very similar to her own, stalked out.

Alice caught sight of a long, white beard and two gleaming eyes beneath a low, slouch hat.

The hair was white also, and hung low down over the man's shoulders.

Then he spoke:

"Snick," he said, "are you sure you are not fooling me again?"

"No, boss. I seen her come out of the blast furnace."

"But that is impossible. They have started the furnace up."

"Not yet, boss; they don't start until to-morrow. Dat's right."

"Well, I will go again; but I fear it is only to be deceived again. Take yourself off, Snick. Is there any news?"

"No, boss. Only what I telled you last night. Does youse want anything?"

"Nothing to-night, Snick. Go!"

The dwarf ran off toward the front of the burying ground.

But Alice, watching him, saw him double on his tracks and shoot off in the direction of the blast furnaces, where she presently lost sight of him.

Meanwhile the old man walked heavily toward the wall, pausing frequently, like a man short of breath.

Presently he turned in the direction of the blast furnaces.

Alice trailed after him.

When he finally halted, not far from that part of the wall which was directly opposite the furnaces, Alice slipped in behind a tree, from which situation she could both see and hear what now occurred.

As the old man paused he threw up both hands and called in a tragic voice:

"Daughter! I summon you! Appear! Appear!"

Now from where the figure came, Alice could not tell, but instantly a white form seemed to spring into existence above the line of the churchyard wall, and between it and the blast furnace.

It was the figure of a young and beautiful woman, so far as Alice could make out the face.

She could see only to the waist line. The form seemed hovering in the air.

The old man bent forward, and seemed to strain his eyes to obtain a better view.

"I am here," was spoken in low, thrilling tones. "What is it you wish to say?"

"Tell me, have you seen my son?" demanded the old man, and the following conversation ensued:

"I have not seen him in the world from which you have summoned me."

"Then you still feel sure that he is not dead?"

"I am sure that he still lives."

"Are you still sure that the man who pretends to be my son is another person, as you told me?"

"I am. I know that it is so."

"You saw those men I sent to you?"

"Yes; as you know."

"Will they succeed in their mission?"

"They will."

"Can you find my son for me?"

"I do not know; but if I should find him, old man, will you again attempt to wreck his life and destroy his happiness by breaking his heart?"

"Never! I was wrong—all wrong! If I had only known——"

"Regrets are useless now. I would have made your son happy, but you would not have it so. I am dead. It is too late for me, but not for him."

The old man wrung his hands.

"Your words pierce my heart," he said. "Tell me, daughter, what to do, and I will do it?"

"You will not. You love yourself too well."

"I will. I declare to you I will!"

"Then let me tell you. To suit your own whims you determined to give up the world and live the life of a hermit. Change all that. Reappear in the world which believes you dead. Claim your own. That will put an end to the wicked career of the man who claims to be your son and who is now squandering the money you worked so hard to save. Do that and you shall see your son again."

"I cannot. I have taken a vow."

"Then it is as I say. Your repentance for the wrong you did me is no repentance. You live only for yourself. Farewell! Until you change do not dare to summon me again!"

And the "ghost" vanished as these words were spoken. So suddenly did the form disappear that even Alice, who was closely watching, was unable to say whether it went up or down or dissolved into thin air.

The old man, with a deep groan, sank down upon the ground and buried his face in his hands.

Alice was glad of the chance to escape.

Her business was with the ghost, and not with this dweller among the tombs.

Running back to the point on the wall where the Bradys had sealed it, she made use of a stone which she had previously placed against it and, climbing on top, dropped down behind the barn.

Gliding forward, she came out into the yard of the—



steel works and was able to look ahead behind the blast furnaces.

There was no ghost to be seen, but what Alice did see was the dwarf just taking a barrel away from against the wall.

This told the story.

Somebody was humbugging the hermit of the tombs, whom Alice, in common with Old King Brady, felt could be none other than the long-missing steel magnate.

"My job!" thought Alice. "I only hope I can carry it out."

The dwarf placed the barrel beyond the blast furnace and started to run.

Alice hurried after him, keeping close to the wall.

Luckily for her, the boy did not look behind him, and equally fortunate was it that there was no watchman in the steel works yard that night.

The boy vanished at the top of a flight of wooden steps which led down into the glen through which the stream ran.

At the bottom of the glen at this point the stream was dammed, and here stood the little electric power house, which was again to run the works.

Alice, looking down from the top step, could see the boy making his way along the rocky bank below the dam.

Should she still follow?

The glen was dark and gloomy, and the way appeared to be very rough.

But the moon had now come out from behind the clouds, and, with its light to guide her, Alice felt that she had a fair chance to succeed without breaking her neck.

So she stole down the steps and hurried along the rough path, doing her best to hold the trail of the boy.

And it was hard work.

Sometimes she saw him, and oftener she did not.

A mile or more was covered.

The glen grew deeper and her surroundings wilder.

At last Alice found that the boy was certainly lost to her.

It was nearly ten minutes now since she had seen him. But it seemed impossible that he could have left the glen.

The stream had grown wider, too, and it went rushing over a rocky bed.

The height of the wall of the glen had also increased.

Alice estimated it at as much as fifty feet, and the rocks rose almost perpendicularly.

It was difficult to understand how the boy could escape.

So she pushed on, determined to see the night's adventure through at any cost.

And her perseverance brought its own reward.

After a little the glen widened, and the walls on both sides became less precipitous.

Alice now saw a light shining ahead of her and, advancing still further, she perceived that it shone in the window of a rude hut, which stood back against the rocks.

Again she halted, fearing dogs.

Seeing nothing, and hearing no sound, she started once more and crept closer to the hut, coming at last up under the window behind which the light burned.

Gathering her cloak about her, Alice peered in through

the window, wondering if the solution of the mystery was coming her way at last.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARRY'S PLANS GET TWISTED.

Harry did not dare to make any further inquiries concerning the Prince of Pittsburg at the Manhattan Hotel.

For this happened to be a house where the Bradys are not acquainted.

There are so many hotels in New York at the present time that a detective would have little opportunity for other business if he undertook to keep in with the managers and clerks of them all.

But what Young King Brady did do was to watch for the appearance of the Prince.

When he came out of the dining room the young man immediately jumped into a waiting automobile, first concealing his dress suit under a light overcoat.

Harry walked around the corner and watched the automobile, thinking that it might stop in front of the bachelor apartment house in which the Prince had his room, but it ran on up the avenue out of sight.

This threw Young King Brady back upon his original plan, and he returned to the hotel and, seeking his room, slept on the outside of the bed for two hours, for he scarcely expected to get the chance to sleep later in the night.

He was up by ten, and before eleven he rang the bell at Pop Conners' gambling house.

Here, as we have said before, Harry was not acquainted.

He was even doubtful whether he was going to be admitted.

But the doorkeeper, a big fellow, with a particularly brutal face, seemed to be satisfied after one hurried glance.

"Who did you wish to see, sir?" he asked.

"I'm a stranger here in New York," replied Harry. "I was looking for a little game. I got the tip at the Manhattan Hotel, where I am stopping."

Nothing else was needed.

The door went wide open and Young King Brady walked in.

He passed into the front parlor, which was elegantly furnished.

Several gentlemen stood or sat at different points about the room.

Some of them were in evening dress, and Harry almost wished he had come so. But there were others who were not, so he was not altogether out of order.

The back parlor was cut off by folding doors.

Presumably the gambling was done there.

While Harry stood hesitating a swell-looking proposition, all ablaze with diamonds, came up to him.

"What is your name, sir?" he demanded. "We admit no one to the cardroom whom we don't know. It is the rule of the house."

Harry handed out his "Ackworth" card.



"St. Paul!" said the man. "Beautiful town! Charming situation there on the bluffs. And your air in the late summer and early fall! Really, I know nothing to equal it."

"We think so," replied Harry. "Any chance for me to lose a few dollars here to-night?"

"Or to win a few," said the man, smiling. "Yes; this way."

He flung open the folding door, and there was the gambling room in full blast.

There were three faro tables, about which many players were crowded, one rouge-et-noir table and two roulette wheels.

These seemed to divide the attention with the faro banks, both being surrounded by players.

"Faro! Rouge-et-noir! Roulette! Which shall it be?" demanded the man.

Harry chose faro, having spotted the Prince at one of the tables.

He bought his chips and began to play.

"Now, my friend, I stick to you until I can do the rescue act," he thought.

He certainly had laid his pipes in fine shape and the chances are his plan would have succeeded well if something had not happened to turn the tables upside down.

For Harry had scarcely begun to play when a loud noise in the other room brought everything to a standstill.

The door was thrown open, and the man who received Harry shouted, excitedly:

"Gentlemen! A raid! To the roof, every one of you who wants to avoid arrest!"

Men were battering down the door with axes.

The dealers grabbed their cashboxes, the players hustled into the passage and swarmed up the stairs, the man who had sounded the warning in the lead.

Harry lost sight of the Prince in the rush.

"Thunder! What a nuisance!" he said to himself. "Here is all my fine work knocked on the head."

It was indeed very provoking, but there was no help for it.

Everybody managed to get through the scuttle before the front door went crashing in and the police swarmed into the house.

The manager led the way over the roofs to the fourth house below, where he pulled up the scuttle.

"We go down here, gentlemen. It is all understood," he called out. "They cannot arrest us off the premises."

Harry had spotted the Prince by this time, and he managed to get next to him without attracting observation, for they were both well back in the line waiting to descend into the house.

"It was then or never!"

"Is this the way you do things in New York?" he ventured to say.

It worked well enough.

The Prince was pretty well under the influence.

He took the remark all right and came out with a fierce tirade against the New York police, in which Harry joined.

At last it came their turn and Harry followed the Prince down the ladder.

They descended the stairs together, seeing no one but those ahead of them, who, like themselves, were making for the door.

Who lived in the house or what kind of an arrangement Pop Conners had with them, Harry never learned.

Reaching the street, he stuck close to the Prince.

"I'm a stranger in New York," he said, handing out his Ackworth card. "Is there any other place where we could finish our game?"

"It wouldn't be safe," replied the Prince. "If the police have got busy after Pop Conners it may spell a general raid. I shall quit for the night."

He glanced at the card, but did not hand out one of his own.

"I'm done for," thought Harry. "I shall have to begin all over again, I suppose."

They walked on down the avenue.

"If Chris McCabe is only on hand I may be able to make him understand," thought Harry.

But it was a little too early.

The slugger had not yet arrived.

"Didn't I see you at the Manhattan this evening?" demanded the Prince, suddenly.

"You certainly did. We sat at the same table," replied Harry.

"That's right. Just from St. Paul?"

"No; I just arrived from Europe. I am on my way to St. Paul."

"Well, we are out of it, anyway," said the Prince. "Let's go to the Manhattan and have a drink?"

"I'm on the water wagon, but I'll go you," replied Harry.

They landed at the Manhattan cafe and sat down at a table.

The Prince began drinking cocktails.

Harry stuck to seltzer and cigars.

It was all different from what he had planned, but things were not working so badly.

After the third cocktail the Prince voluntarily gave Harry his card.

"McGraw," said Harry. "My father had a friend of that name in Pittsburg."

"I'm from Pittsburg," replied the Prince. "I see you are all right. I might have given you my card in the first place, but you know a fellow can't be too careful in New York."

"Or anywhere else these days. I hardly dared to speak to you for fear you would take me for a confidence man."

"And that's what I might have done if I had not seen you at dinner to-night. My father was in the steel business. Peter McGraw, of Pittsburg and McGrawsville. Hermitage Steel Works, you know."

"He is not the man my father knew—Francis McGraw, a lawyer."

"And my uncle, whom I never spoke to in my life. My father and he were always on the outs."

"I don't know him at all. I merely mentioned that he was a friend of my father's."

The conversation drifted into other channels.

"Excuse me a minute," said the Prince, suddenly rising. "I'll be right back."

The cocktails were beginning to get in their line work.



The man walked unsteadily, although he was not in the least affected in his speech.

Harry watched and saw him pass out into the office, go to the desk and consult the hotel register.

"He's no fool," he thought. "He wants to see if I am registered. Things are not working so badly, after all."

They were working better than he had any reason to hope for.

In a minute the Prince was back again.

"I'm through with the booze for to-night," he said. "Let's you and I go to Gerard's and have a Turkish bath, Ackworth. What do you say?"

"I'll go you!" exclaimed Harry. "Just what I wanted, but I didn't like to propose it."

So a cab was called and they drove to the bath.

Here was a chance to settle the Prince's identity once and for all, and Harry was naturally delighted.

They were soon stripped and ready for the hotroom.

Harry fell in behind the Prince and glanced at his back.

No brown mole!

"That settles it, if Francis McGraw is to be believed," he thought. "The man is surely an impostor."

The events of the remainder of the night are not worth recording.

They remained at the bath until two in the morning.

Harry left the Prince at his door and then returned to the hotel, with an invitation to accompany his man and some of his friends to the Gravesend racetrack the next afternoon.

Thus it did not turn out so badly, after all.

When Harry reached the hotel, late as was the hour, he found Chris McCabe waiting for him, for he had given the man his address and assumed name.

Harry took the fellow aside and let him tell how everything went wrong.

"When I got to Pop Conners's I found de cops in charge," said McCabe. "Blamed if I knew what to do, so I came right here, and here I've been waiting ever since."

"It's all right," said Harry. "The pulling of the house upset everything. But you have earned your money, just the same, so here it is."

McCabe accepted the bills with gruff thanks.

"It seems like I hadn't earned dis," he said. "Why, it has come as easy as taking candy from a kid!"

"That's your luck," replied Harry. "I may want you to do the job yet."

"And if you do dere's no charge, boss; let dat be understood."

Harry then took back his letter and dismissed the fellow.

Tired as he was and late as it was, he did not get asleep for an hour after he turned in, with thinking what to do next.

At last he decided to rewrite his letter on plain paper and to sign it with the same name, giving no address.

This he did first thing in the morning and mailed it, wondering what the result would be.

## CHAPTER IX.

J. H. SHANLEY, LAWYER, ENTERS UPON THE SCENE.

Old King Brady's efforts at the door of the bungalow were all in vain.

The bloodhounds were inside, all right, but no man that he could prevail upon to show any sign of life.

Meanwhile the storm was gathering, and there was every indication that it was going to be of unusual severity while it lasted.

"I'm penned here for a while, anyhow," thought the old detective. "If this man Ricketts is anywhere around here this rain ought to drive him in soon."

He stood on the piazza, watching the darkening sky.

"I believe I'll disguise," he said to himself at last. "If I have to put in the night here it will be better for me to look a little more like one of Ricketts' own kind."

Wonderful resources of that old, blue coat!

If we should undertake to tell just how Old King Brady does it we should fail, for we are not in the secret, but certain it is within six minutes an entirely different looking man stood at the top of the bungalow steps.

An elderly, decent, old man was what Old King Brady figured as now.

Just then came the first lightning flash, and the thunder which followed awoke the echoes of the forest.

Again and again the electric phenomena was repeated. But as yet no rain and no wind.

Just then Old King Brady caught sight of a rowboat heading for the little pier.

It was pulled by one man, who must have very closely followed the shore or Old King Brady would have seen him sooner.

He was a small man, wearing a rough suit.

Quickly he made his landing and started up the steps.

And now the old detective made a discovery.

This man, differently dressed, had come with him on the train from Pittsburg.

He was sure of it.

The old detective is exceedingly observant of faces, and he had particularly noticed this person on account of a certain sinister look about the eyes.

"This will never be old Sim Ricketts," he said to himself. "Good job I disguised. Who can the fellow be. I wonder? I wish I didn't have to show myself, but I am not going to stand out in the rain."

The man did not catch sight of him till he reached the top of the steps leading up from the landing.

"Wonder if he isn't disguised himself?" thought Old King Brady. "Upon my word, I believe he is. He was dressed up to the moment when I saw him on the train."

Just then he saw the rain come sweeping over the lake, driven by a furious wind.

In the distance the treetops could be seen swaying before the blast.

It was a striking picture.

As yet there was not a breath of wind about the bungalow.

But it came before the man could reach the bottom of



the steps, and as the rain came with it he ran up the piazza in a hurry.

Nor did he appear to be particularly pleased at the sight of the detective.

"Where's Ricketts?" he demanded in a surly tone.

"I don't know, sir," replied Old King Brady. "I don't know the man."

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Only came up here to get out of the storm, sir. If you are the owner of this house I hope you will excuse me."

The man pulled up a piazza chair, sat down and lighted a cigar, keeping just out of the range of the rain.

It was nearly ten minutes before he uttered a word. Meanwhile the storm continued.

The wind had died down, but it seemed to be settling in for a rainy night.

"I'll make him talk," thought Old King Brady.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you acquainted around here?"

"Yes. Why?" was the haughty response.

"Could you tell me if there is any chance of an old man like me getting a job as helper?"

"I know nothing about it."

He threw away the butt of his cigar and, going to the door, began banging on the panel.

"I think there is no one inside, sir," said Old King Brady. "But there are dogs in there."

The dogs made themselves heard even as he spoke, barking furiously behind the door.

The man gave it up after a minute.

Turning his back on Old King Brady, he seated himself again and lit another cigar.

"Pig!" thought the old detective. "Now I wonder who you can be?"

It was an hour before he found out.

Several attempts made to induce the man to talk all proved failures.

At last the sound of wheels was heard, and an old man, evidently a native, drove a light wagon up to the door.

The stranger arose and stood at the top of the steps.

As the driver caught sight of him Old King Brady did not fail to observe that he looked much disturbed.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Shanley?" he called out. "This is a surprise."

"Yes; I meant to surprise you, Ricketts," was the cold response. "Come up here and send this tramp about his business. You and I have business of our own to settle to-night."

Ricketts hitched his horse and slowly ascended the steps.

Old King Brady saw that the two men were eying each other much like two dogs getting ready for a fight.

He arose and faced the caretaker.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" demanded Ricketts in a savage tone.

"I'm no tramp, boss," replied Old King Brady. "I am just an old man, looking for work. I seen the storm coming, so I just came up here out of the rain. No harm done, I hope?"

"What do you want to work at?"

"Anything, sir."

"Are you going to open up here this summer, Mr. Shanley. Labor is scarce. I shall need a man if you are."

"I am not," replied the man, coldly.

"Then I can't do anything for you," said Ricketts, turning to Old King Brady. "Better travel on."

"Couldn't you let me sleep in the barn?"

"No. Travel on!"

"Would you turn an old man out in the rain, boss? I'll do you no harm if you will let me sleep on the hay."

"You travel on or I'll set the dogs on you!" cried Ricketts, raising his voice. "Do you understand what I say?"

Old King Brady meekly descended the steps and started down the road in the rain.

"Shanley, McGraw's lawyer," he thought. "Those two men are a pair of crooks, and Ricketts is afraid of him, if I know anything. My work lies right here. I must and will know why that man has come away up here to put in the night."

He walked on down the road without looking back until he was out of sight among the trees.

Turning then, he crept back to a point where he could see the piazza.

Ricketts and the lawyer stood there, talking.

It was evident that the latter was angry.

He was gesticulating violently.

Suddenly he made a pass at Ricketts, who jumped back and threw up his hands.

There was more talk.

Old King Brady watched them for about ten minutes.

At last both descended the steps and walked around to the side of the house.

Here Ricketts opened the door and, entering quickly, closed it behind him, while Shanley waited.

"Going to tie up the dogs," thought Old King Brady. "Something wrong there. I must and will understand this situation; but just how to get at it I don't know."

Fortunately for his own comfort, the rain had let up.

The old detective waited.

Ricketts reappeared at the door after a little and Shanley went inside.

It would seem as if they had made up their differences, to a certain extent at least.

Old King Brady now skirted around the clearing in which the bungalow stood and came up in the rear of the house.

Smoke was coming out of the kitchen chimney. It looked as if Ricketts was cooking supper.

Old King Brady made a break for the barn and immediately climbed up into the hayloft.

"If he comes out with the dogs to look me up I'm done for," he thought: "but I shall have to chance it."

There was a shuttered window in front of the barn, and Old King Brady slightly opened it and stood watching the house for a long time.

He did not know what to do.

He did not dare to approach the house on account of the dogs.

It was a problem not easy to solve.

But it solved itself in the end.

While Old King Brady was thus waiting and watching,



the pair suddenly emerged from the kitchen door and started in the direction of the forest.

"Now what's up?" thought the old detective. "I've got to shadow that outfit, surest thing."

He hurried downstairs and, noting where the pair entered the forest, stole after them.

And this at the full risk of being seen, for there was no help for it.

But Old King Brady gained the woods without being observed, as far as he could tell.

There was a narrow path here, and he could see the light of the lantern which Ricketts carried flashing ahead of him, for it was now almost dark.

"Crooked work! Crooked work!" thought Old King Brady. "What can it mean?"

He followed the light through the forest for over a mile, steadily gaining upon his men, until at last he found himself as close to them as he dared go.

They were still following the path over ascending ground.

At last they came out in sight of a line of cliffs about fifty feet high, and here they paused.

Old King Brady was within two hundred feet of them, but so noiselessly had he advanced that his presence was wholly unsuspected.

He stopped and, getting behind a tree, he watched the pair.

They were now talking as excitedly as they had done on the piazza.

Suddenly Old King Brady saw the keeper whip out a long hunting knife and make a rush for Shanley, who took to his heels, running toward the old detective.

Ricketts dashed after him, brandishing the knife.

"That fellow means murder!" thought Old King Brady.

He whipped out his revolver and started forward.

At the same instant the lawyer, catching his toe in a root, fell flat on his face.

"Now I'll kill you, Jim Shanley!" roared Ricketts, and he made his final rush.

Bang! Bang!

Twice Old King Brady fired.

The first shot took the fellow in the right forearm and the knife dropped.

The second flew wild, and purposely; the murderer took to his heels, and ran with great speed along the line of the cliff, disappearing among the trees.

Old King Brady was standing out in full view when Shanley scrambled up, with a face as white as chalk and every limb trembling.

"You! Is it you!" he gasped, catching sight of the detective.

"Here I am, boss. Good job I came this way when you had me chased out," Old King Brady quietly replied.

"Great heavens! Yes," said Shanley, leaning against a tree. "Where is he?"

"He went that way," replied Old King Brady, pointing. "Will he come back, think?"

"Heaven knows! Stay by me, old man. You shall be well paid."

"All right, sir."

Shanley stood panting for a few minutes and then nervously lighted a cigar.

"He don't seem to be coming," he remarked.

"No, boss."

"Old man, follow me."

They went along the line of cliffs in the opposite direction from that taken by Ricketts.

Shanley picked up the lantern and led the way.

Presently they came to a place where the rocks were all broken.

At the top of a pile of this debris Old King Brady spied the entrance to a small cave.

"You wait here," said Shanley, pointing. "I'm going up over those rocks. I mean to enter that cave."

"Yes, boss."

"Old man, did you hit him?"

"The first shot went into his arm. That's why he let the knife drop. The second didn't hit him."

"If he comes again shoot him dead. Will you do it?"

"Yes; if you will pay. I don't mind killing a man, but I'm not doing it for love."

"Kill him, and I'll give you a hundred dollars!"

"Five."

"Don't try to bleed me."

"You don't have to pay a cent, but if I kill him it's five hundred dollars, and I sha'n't be coming around blackmailing you for more, neither."

"It's a go!" replied the lawyer, fiercely. "You kill him and I'll give you five hundred!"

Thus saying, Shanley started up over the rocks and disappeared within the cave.

## CHAPTER X.

### CLOSING IN.

We left Alice peering through the window of the hut in the glen.

What she saw inside was satisfactory in a way, for there upon a low stool sat the "ghost."

A young man lay stretched upon the floor, with his head resting upon her lap.

Evidently this was lovers' business.

The girl was fondling him, rubbing her hand over his face and smoothing his hair.

Every now and again she would bend down and kiss him.

"I wonder how Harry would like it if I was to treat him to something of that sort once in a while?" thought Alice, with an inward chuckle.

"Poor boy! And he is so patient, too!" she added to herself. "But who have we here?"

It was a question to which she could hope for no answer.

The dwarf was not in evidence.

Alice watched the scene for a moment.

It seemed to her that the young man was singularly stolid.

He was not asleep, but his face showed no animation whatever.



After a little he got up and began walking about the room, muttering.

The girl talked to him, but in so low a voice that Alice could not catch a sound.

When Alice drew away she had reached a definite conclusion.

"That man is surely insane," she said to herself. "There is no doubt of that."

And she now started for Mrs. Taylor's, feeling that she had done enough for one night.

And she had!

To Alice the situation was pretty plain.

"If that girl is Daisy Whitemeyer, then the chances are the man is the real Peter McGraw, Jr.," she said to herself.

She got out of the glen without meeting a soul, and managed to get in through her window unseen.

Morning found Alice all uncertain as to her course.

"If Old King Brady were only here!" he thought.

Upon thinking matters over she determined to make no further move until he came.

That morning the Hermitage Works opened up for business.

Toward noon Alice ventured to walk through the yard and take a look.

No one interfered with her.

Among other places she peeped into was the blast furnace.

She was glad she did so, for here she saw the same young man ladling molten steel.

She only stopped a minute, but this was enough to show her that the man undoubtedly knew his business.

"I surely must be mistaken," she said to herself. "They would never employ a crazy man. Is it likely that Peter McGraw's son was taught such work?"

It all seemed to point to her being wrong then.

But when she came to talk with Mrs. Taylor at dinner and while she was helping her wash dishes afterward, she found reason to change her mind once again.

"Tell me about young Mr. McGraw," she said. "How was he brought up? To fool away his time and play the rich man's son, like most of his kind?"

"Indeed he was not," replied Mrs. Taylor; "and that is what makes it seem so strange to me that he lives the life they say he lives now. Pete was put to work right in with the men when he was a mere boy. His father was determined that he should learn every part of the business. He's as good a puddler as any man who ever worked at the Hermitage."

And she said more in this strain.

"Were any of the McGraws ever insane?" Alice suddenly asked.

"Now what ever put that idea into your head?" cried the woman. "Do you know that old Mrs. McGraw was insane for years, and finally died in an asylum?"

"No, I don't know anything about it," replied Alice. "You mean the mother of young Pete, I suppose?"

"No, I don't mean the mother of young Pete," answered Mrs. Taylor. "I mean old Mrs. McGraw—Peter McGraw's mother. I knew her well."

"Oh! She must have been far advanced in years when died."

"Eighty-eight."

"Then insanity runs in the family."

"Yes. I think often that Pete must be insane to go on the way he does."

"By the way, to change the subject, while I was out walking this morning I went through the glen. Away down ever so far I came to a cottage, where I saw a queer, little negro dwarf."

"Yes; Herky Brown."

"You know him?"

"Oh, yes; everybody knows Herky."

"Such a queer name."

"The name is Hercules. I've been told that's the name of some man who lived in olden times, who was very strong."

"I see. They gave it to the boy for a joke. I saw a very pretty white girl standing there in the doorway, too."

"I don't know who she could have been. If you had seen an old, black woman she'd be Hannah Brown, Herky's mother. They live there all alone. Hannah had some money left her years ago, so she don't do no work, except around the house."

"Well, I saw the girl there, anyway," persisted Alice. "She was not only white, but she was dressed all in white."

"I can't imagine who she was," answered Mrs. Taylor. "Must have been some girl from the next town."

This ended the conversation.

Alice settled down to wait for the coming of the old detective, to whom we must now return.

Old King Brady waited but a few minutes at the foot of the stone pile before J. H. Shanley came back out of the cave.

"He told the truth," the old detective heard him mutter as he came down over the rocks.

"Did you see anything of him?" he asked aloud.

"No. He has not come again, boss."

"But he will—he will. If he don't you must go after him. That man must not be alive to-morrow morning—see?"

"What do you want me to do, boss?"

"I don't know. Let me think. I'll get out of here and go down to the hotel. You can report to me in the morning what you have done."

"What hotel?"

"Bannock Springs Inn. You know where it is?"

"Oh, yes. You will go back in your boat?"

"Yes; and you must go with me to the boat. To tell you the truth, I am afraid of that man. If I don't put him out of the way, he will put me out of the way—see?"

"I'll attend to that," said Old King Brady, drawing his revolver. "Come on, boss! I'll be your guard."

They walked back along the path in silence.

The lawyer seemed afraid of his own shadow, and kept looking back over his shoulder.

He reached the boat in safety, however, seeing nothing of Ricketts on the way.

"Look here!" said Old King Brady. "How do I get my money when this job is done?"

"It must be done to-night if it is to be of any use to



me. You will find me at the Bannock Springs Inn in the morning."

"Better give me something down, or I might have to call at your office in the Frick Building, Pittsburg, Mr. Shanley," said the old detective, coolly.

The man turned pale and gave a violent start.

"Who are you that seems to know me so well?" he demanded.

"Oh, just another fakir, like yourself, only a little older and a little wiser. Better give me the money, Shanley; the whole business will come handy."

And Old King Brady's face assumed an air of cool insolence which was as well put on as any actor could have done.

"I see you think you have me," said Shanley. "You saved my life, and I'm willing to do the right thing by you; but don't try to squeeze me, old man. How you know me, I can't understand."

"No such idea, boss. I'm just as square as you are. Same time I propose to see that you live up to your promises. Lawyers are slippery propositions."

"I'll give you a check. What's your name?"

"My name is Jim Bagley, but no check won't do. I want cash."

"I only have a hundred or so about me and I have to get back to Pittsburg."

"Gimme the hundred and keep the 'so.' I'll send you word where to send me the rest, and look out that you do it, too!"

Shanley then counted out a hundred dollars, which Old King Brady coolly pocketed.

He saw the lawyer pull away down the lake, and then he turned back into the forest.

To attempt a move on the bungalow that night was something he declined to undertake on account of the dogs, so he resolved to go back to the cave.

He had not gone far before he stopped and changed back to his usual dress, for he could see no reason why Jim Bagley should appear around those parts again.

Reaching the cliff, Old King Brady ascended to the cave and passed in.

It was but a small affair, but at the end he came upon a rough door, made of heavy planking, which stood open.

This communicated with a larger cave, where the old detective found things.

Here there was an old mattress and bedding on the floor, a few odds and ends of dishes, some old clothes and other things which went to show that it had recently been occupied.

Old King Brady sat down in an old rocking chair, resolved to pass the night there, which he did, part of the time dozing in the chair and oftener prowling about.

Thus he found plenty of time for reflection, and long before the sun rose he had come to his own conclusions.

This was a case which was easily figured out.

Old King Brady could only see it one way.

He was sure that the drowning accident had been only a pretence; that young Peter McGraw had been held a prisoner in this cave and that the friend who was with him had gone back to the world to pose as the heir to the McGraw millions, and was the person now known as the Prince of Pittsburg.

But, even admitting that such was the truth, there was much to be done before matters could be straightened out.

But Old King Brady felt that he had taken a long step ahead when he received that hundred dollars from J. H. Shanley.

Morning dawned clear and cool.

Old King Brady decided to pull out and return to Pittsburg.

Ricketts, of course, had been the young prisoner's jailer, he argued; but he saw little use in tackling a man of his calibre at this stage of the game.

So in the early morning Old King Brady took the back track.

Avoiding the Bannock Springs Inn, he struck into the road which would lead him to the railroad station and started down the mountain.

He had not gone far before he heard the rattle of wheels behind him, and the same light wagon which appeared at the bungalow the night before hove in sight, with Ricketts driving, alone.

The man was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and in the back of the wagon was a cheap, oilcloth grip.

"Ha! On his travels, eh?" thought Old King Brady. "Well! A good job I didn't tackle him at the bungalow. If he will only give me a lift. I'll see what I can do now."

He walked slowly, with a heavy tread, like a man who had all he could do to get over the ground.

And this was "wayback."

Surly as Sim Ricketts had the reputation of being, and undoubtedly was, custom was too strong for him.

He reined in and asked Old King Brady if he was going to Bannock, where the station was.

"I am," replied the old detective.

"Want to ride?"

"I should be much obliged."

"Get in," said Ricketts, and he cramped his wheel.

Old King Brady climbed into the wagon, with much seeming difficulty, and the man started on down the mountain.

"Nice morning," remarked the old detective.

"Yes," grunted Ricketts, clucking to the horse.

Old King Brady subsided.

With such people the best way is usually to let them take the initiative.

They rode on for a mile or more in perfect silence.

Meanwhile curiosity was working.

As they came down upon the level, where the horse needed less attention, Ricketts could stand it no longer.

"You stopped to Bannock Springs Inn last night?" he broke out.

Old King Brady was ready with his answer.

He was glad of the wait now, for it had given him time to think, and he had come to the conclusion that a bold stroke would be the best.

"No, Mr. Ricketts," he said, quietly. "I stopped last night in the cave near where you tried to murder J. H. Shanley!"



## CHAPTER XI.

## HARRY'S LETTER SENDS THE PRINCE FLYING TO PITTSBURG.

It would be hard to say just what Young King Brady expected to gain by sending that letter to the "Prince of Pittsburg."

The first idea had a definite purpose in view, of course; but when Harry finally put it in the mailbox it was more as a flyer.

That he had made a hit with the Prince, Harry felt sure.

The trip to the races was in its way altogether a success.

There were three other "howling swells" in the party.

They went down to Gravesend in a big, red touring car, and there was lots of money flying about that afternoon.

Most of it flew into the pockets of the bookmakers, as far as Harry could make out.

If the Prince won anything, he heard nothing of it; but then he was not constantly with the young man.

On the way home a quarrel broke out between the Prince and one of his companions.

But for Young King Brady they would have come to blows.

All hands, excepting Harry, had been drinking heavily, and after the excitement quieted down they stopped at a roadhouse on the Boulevard for more.

Now, Harry had not been able to work in with these friends of the Prince very well, and all three had evidently taken a dislike to him.

It seemed best to pull out, and after the first round of drinks at the roadhouse Harry got the Prince to one side and said:

"Look here, Mr. McGraw! I'm only in the way here. Your friends don't take to me. I think I'll pull out and go back to the hotel on the cars."

"You won't do anything of the sort," protested the Prince, who, as on the previous night, while a little wobbly, was still clear-headed enough. "I know you don't like those fellows, and I don't blame you. I've had enough of them myself. All they want out of me is my money. Let's you and me sneak, Ackworth. Come and dine with me at the Manhattan. I've got to ring off on this drinking business or it's going to floor me. I shall pull out of town for a few days."

Of course, Harry assented to this proposition, and without returning to the room where they had been drinking they got into the auto and were driven back to New York by the well-trained French chauffeur, who had maintained absolute silence during the quarrel, and now on the home-stretch acted altogether as if he was a part of the machine.

He left them at the Manhattan, where Harry persuaded the Prince to go to dinner without further drinking.

Thus by the time they left the table the Prince was in pretty good shape.

And now came what Harry had been working up to—an invitation to the bachelor apartments.

During all this time Harry was in the dark about his letter.

There had been time enough for the Prince to receive it.

But one thing Young King Brady had not failed to observe during all his conversation with this young man, and that was his absolute reticence about himself and his own affairs.

He made no talk of his wealth. If any allusion was made to it he immediately turned the conversation.

He did no boasting and made little loud talk.

On the contrary, he seemed to be always watching, waiting, listening, as if expecting that something was going to happen.

And that evening something did happen.

The something was Harry's letter, which had not been received.

How the Prince took it will now be shown.

Young King Brady and the Prince strolled around to the bachelor apartment and went up to the third floor.

Here, the Prince letting himself in with a passkey. Harry was treated to the sight of about the finest set of furnished rooms he had ever seen.

The Prince appeared to be very proud of them.

He at first rang an electric bell for his valet, who was not forthcoming.

"Alphonse has stepped out, I suppose," he remarked, indifferently. "Not that I care. I allow him perfect freedom. I hate servants mussing around me. That's why I haven't made an effort to get a new cook. To tell the truth, I expect to sail for Europe in a week, so I'm not bothering."

And with these remarks the Prince took Harry through the suite himself.

When they returned to the sitting room, or parlor, some one was heard entering at the outer door with a key.

"Here he is now," said the Prince, and he rang again. A young Frenchman came hurrying in.

"Alphonse, my mail," said the Prince. "I want it now."

"You will excuse me a minute while I look over my letters, I know," he said, turning to Harry. "I haven't had a chance to-day."

Of course Harry was agreeable, and he sat smoking by the window while the Prince ran over a sizeable pile of letters.

"Beggars, beggars!" he growled, crumpling up letter after letter and tossing them into a waste basket. "It would really surprise you, Ackworth, to know how many people were trying to part me from my money."

Other letters were opened which appeared to come from ladies.

One or two of these the Prince pocketed. Others he tore into small pieces and dropped them in the waste basket.

The pile was getting low, and Harry had seen nothing of his own letter yet.

But he was watching, and at last it was in the Prince's hand.

Harry watched him out of the corner of his eye; he saw his face grow white and then red; his eyes blazed with rage.



He finished the letter and, returning it to the envelope, put it in his pocket.

For a moment he sat in silence, staring off into vacancy.

Then the explosion came.

It was like a whirlwind suddenly breaking in on a sultry summer's day.

The Prince sprang to his feet, with an awful imprecation aimed against someone not named.

He swore, raved, stormed, grew black in the face as he rushed about the room, shaking his clenched fist and stamping his foot.

Harry tried to calm him, but the Prince would not pay the slightest heed.

Alphonse, standing in the doorway, motioned to him not to interfere.

At last the climax came when the fellow gave a yell, clutched at his collar and fell writhing in a fit on the floor.

"There, sir," breathed Alphonse. "That's the end. I knew it would come to this."

He bent down and, removing collar and tie, loosened up the clothing of the epileptic, for such the Prince undoubtedly was.

"Don't we want a doctor?" demanded Harry, thinking that perhaps he had killed his man.

"No, no!" replied the valet. "I have brought him out of many fits. He will come out of this."

"Can I help any?"

"No, sir. There is nothing to do. Some would put him on the bed, but he would only roll off. He is better so. It is all temper, sir. That's always the beginning of it."

"I will go if you wish."

"No, sir. Please stay. He might die. I should want your testimony that I had nothing to do with his death."

And so through an hour Harry watched the progress of this strange disease, which by doctors is so little understood.

It was over at last, and the Prince, rising, ordered Alphonse to bring him the decanter, and he turned down a huge drink of brandy.

It was not until he had laid down the glass that he seemed to be aware of Harry's presence.

Then turning suddenly he said:

"Ackworth, when are you going West?"

"Any time," replied Harry. "I should have started for St. Paul to-day if it hadn't been for you."

"Go to-night with me, will you?"

"I will."

"Via Pittsburg? Will it put you out any?"

"Not in the least."

"Alphonse, pack my grip," ordered the Prince. "You stop here and look after things. I am off for Pittsburg."

"And heaven help J. H. Shanley when you get there," thought Harry. "I am afraid I have signed one lawyer's death warrant."

And to Pittsburg they went that night.

But if Harry expected to get anything out of the Prince on the way he was doomed to disappointment.

The highroller never opened his mouth during the entire journey on the subject of his own affairs.

Before they reached their destination Harry was invited to stay over a day or two and be shown the sights.

They went to the Hotel Schenley, where an expensive suite was taken.

The Prince then announced that he had business to attend to and would see Harry later in the day, and left the hotel.

To shadow him in disguise to the Frick building was one of the hardest contracts Young King Brady ever undertook, it called for such quick work.

We wish we could describe Harry's methods in detail, but space will not permit.

First it was to a costumer's on Penn avenue.

The Prince vanished here.

The man who came out in his place was a roughly-dressed fellow who looked capable of any crime.

Harry actually feared murder, and felt that he ought to warn the lawyer, but there seemed to be no way.

His fears were groundless so far as that call was concerned.

The Prince was not inside the lawyer's office door three minutes.

When he came out his face showed that he had some definite purpose in view.

"Shanley's out, of course," thought Harry, "and I am thankful for it."

He went down in the elevator with the Prince.

Once when their eyes met he thought he was discovered, but it proved to be a false alarm.

The Prince now steered straight for the Union station, and Harry saw him buy a ticket for McGrawsville.

Then he remembered that the Hermitage Works were to be opened.

"If I only knew where the Governor was," he said to himself, as he took his seat in the train with a ticket for McGrawsville in his pocket.

He had not the least idea what he was going up against.

It was now about ten o'clock in the morning.

Harry determined to stick close to his shadowing even at the risk of discovery, for he feared the murder of the lawyer on his account.

Little did he imagine that this same J. H. Shanley had hired Old King Brady to do murder on his own account.

It was a nervous time for Harry all around, and his relief can be imagined when, upon his arrival at McGrawsville, he saw Old King Brady standing on the platform.

And now, murder or no murder, Harry had to give up his shadowing, for Old King Brady commanded him to follow by a secret sign.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

Old King Brady is and always has been a great one to act upon the inspiration of the moment, as in this case with the man Sim Ricketts, to whom he declared himself thus boldly in the wagon.



And it is only due to the old detective to say that his judgment in that respect is rarely at fault.

And so it proved in this case.

As he made that abrupt speech Old King Brady displayed his detective's shield.

Ricketts gave a sickly gasp, and turned so white that for the moment the old detective thought he was going to fall out of the wagon.

"Am—am I arrested?" he gasped.

"Who said anything about being arrested?" replied Old King Brady. "Know who I am?"

"You—no! You must be the tramp."

"Yes. Know what I've got in my pocket?"

"N—no."

"The same revolver I used last night to prevent you from committing murder!"

"Ah!"

"Also a hundred dollars, money paid me by J. H. Shanley to murder you."

"The scoundrel! If I was to tell——"

"Oh, pshaw, Ricketts, you can't tell me anything I don't know already. You and Shanley worked in together till you worked out together. The Prince of Pittsburg is a fake. There was nobody drowned that time. You kept young McGraw locked in the cave ever since that day until he went out of it. I suppose you bled Shanley a little too heavy and he turned on you. Now it's your turn to be bled. I'm sent by Peter McGraw to learn the truth. I've learned it. Going to stand in with me or stand out against me? Of course you know that the old man still lives."

Of course he knew it!

His face showed it!

Old King Brady had no trouble with his man.

Long before they reached the station Sim Ricketts was satisfied that he had bought the world-famous Old King Brady with promises.

For Ricketts had his little scheme on foot.

He did not tell Old King Brady all of it, but he told enough to enable the old detective to guess the rest.

Ricketts was bound for McGrawsville.

Old King Brady went with him.

They separated at the station, Old King Brady to call off his assistant, as he told this country schemer, Ricketts to attend to his own affairs, which will be presently explained.

The old detective walked to Mrs. Taylor's, and was fortunate enough to find Alice in.

When he heard her story as they walked together over the bridge and up the Corry road, all became plain indeed, and he told her of his own adventures at Ban-nock Springs.

"What shall we do?" demanded Alice. "Try to see old Peter McGraw? You say he lives in secret vaults under the Dunker's church, which I can readily believe."

"And which this man Ricketts assures me is true. Yes; we will try and see him. Now listen. Your story has given me a clue to the whole secret. The 'ghost' of the blast furnace, whom old McGraw believes to be the spirit of the Whitemeyer girl, is really a woman whom Ricketts hired to play this part and to fool the old man. For a long time he kept young McGraw a

prisoner. The fellow went crazy within a week. He has been crazy ever since. He has no idea who he is. He thinks he is a steelworker out of a job. Shanley believed him dead until lately. The Prince of Pittsburg is an adventurer; name Alex Ferguson, a tool of Shanley's. The lawyer controls all the money. Ricketts' little plot is to marry this woman to the real McGraw and then to have the old man turn up and acknowledge the marriage, believing her to be Daisy Whitemeyer. I can see through the whole plan. They will divide."

"But why did old Peter McGraw disappear and take up his residence in the graveyard vaults where the negro dwarf, 'Snick', as he calls him, Herky everyone else calls him, waits on him, of course?"

"He's crazy on religion, according to Ricketts. I dare say it is so. I tell you what we will do, Alice. I'll draw up a statement, and we will call him out of his tomb to-night and hand it to him. We will be guided by what he says."

And this was done.

When Old King Brady met Harry at the station next morning, as has been told, he considered the case about settled.

He called Harry aside, and a quick comparison of notes was had.

"Shanley is at the works now in charge," said the old detective. "Ricketts has gone to Pittsburg, and I have the old hermit of the tombs under promise to appear at twelve o'clock and claim the Hermitage Works as his own. We are to back him up. He will acknowledge this insane man as his son. Meanwhile we are to prepare the fellow for what is coming if we can. Get out of sight. Make your change, and we will go to the blast furnace and see what we can do. I have my doubts as to what we shall be able to accomplish. But the fellow is perfectly harmless, they say, and he does his work well."

"Shall we be let in?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes, for I have let the foreman, an old friend of McGraw's, into the secret. He fully identifies young Peter, much as his long confinement has altered his appearance."

"And Alice? Where is she?"

"Gone down the glen to cultivate the acquaintance of the 'ghost.' She will be there when we arrest the woman. She has already got in with her."

"She could get in with anyone, but I am glad you did not set her after the Prince. He is about the limit for a vulgar, drunken upstart."

"You seem to have done your work pretty well in that line."

"Yes, if it don't end up in the Prince murdering the lawyer."

"Which, for your sake, I hope won't come about, but if it does you need not blame yourself. The sending of that letter was a good scheme."

Harry now left the old detective, and, going into a remote corner of the churchyard, he made his change, feeling that his work in shadowing the Prince was done.

As the Bradys left the place Harry asked:

"Which way now, Governor?"

"Well," replied Old King Brady, "I intend to go over



to the Hermitage Works and find out what the situation may be there."

"And if we meet the Prince?"

"There will be something doing, you can depend. That crook must not be allowed to run around loose any longer. But, Harry, I have a feeling in my bones that matters are drawing to a close, and I am not sorry, as this case has kept us hustling pretty hard for some time."

"Hark! Some one's coming!"

"We must not be seen here. Quick! Get into those bushes beside the road until that rig goes by."

They hastily left the road and, plunging into the shrubbery, hid behind some trees.

The sound of carriage wheels and the pounding of a horse's hoofs reached their ears.

Watching intently, they soon observed a buggy being driven along at a furious pace by a man who was standing up in the vehicle and lashing the horse unmercifully.

On he came like a whirlwind, the animal kicking up a big cloud of dust.

The old detective gave a gasp and clutched at Harry's arm, whispering:

"Look! Look! Do you see who it is? Do you recognize him, boy?"

"Good heavens, it is J. H. Shanley!" replied Young King Brady, in agitated tones. "What in thunder does this mean?"

"Listen! He is being pursued!"

The half-maddened horse, stung by the cruel lash, went thundering by, the man yelling at it to urge him on to greater speed, and the whip whistling in the air every time he brought it down with a terrible cut on the creature's flanks.

He went by like a flash.

In a moment more he was gone.

"Heading for the works!" breathed Old King Brady, excitedly. "What now?"

"Another horse coming."

"Chasing Shanley?"

"Yes—like fury."

"Watch and see if you can recognize——"

He was interrupted by the arrival of Shanley's pursuer, a man on horseback, who was riding hard in a desperate attempt to overtake the other.

Harry recognized him first.

"The Prince of Pittsburg!" he muttered.

Up to them dashed the saddle horse, all covered with sweat, while great masses of foam dripped from its jaws, and they saw the rider dig spurs into its bleeding flanks with savage energy as he urged it along.

The moment he vanished down the road in a cloud of dust the two officers came from their covert and stood silently watching the road.

Finally Old King Brady said:

"Come, Harry! We have not got an instant to lose. When those two men come together I want to be on the job, that's all."

"Perhaps I am in a measure responsible for this," said Harry, as he hurried along beside his chief; "but I have no regrets. We are not in this business for sentimental reasons, and must expect all kinds of trouble at the most unexpected moments."

They hurried down the road and Old King Brady, who was slightly in advance of Harry, suddenly caught sight of a man's figure lying in the dust in the middle of the road.

"Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed, pointing at the huddled-up form. "A corpse?"

The old detective knelt down beside the man and, making a quick examination, shook his head.

"Merely stunned," he commented.

"How did he get knocked out?"

"Hanged if I know. He seems to be reviving now. Perhaps we can find out."

The man soon recovered and got upon his feet, swearing and raving furiously.

"See here, my friend!" said Old King Brady, kindly.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Boss, I was knocked down by a horse hitched to a buggy. There was a crazy man standing up in the carriage, beating the poor animal terribly.

"Did you recognize the man?"

"Yes, sir. It was Mr. J. H. Shanley. He saw me crossing the road and yelled at me to get out of the way, but I didn't have time, as the outfit was tearing along like a thunderbolt. Before I had taken two steps the animal's hoofs gave me a thump on the head that sent me sprawling."

"You had a narrower escape than you imagine."

"How is that, boss?"

"Why a man on horseback was chasing Shanley, and while you laid senseless the second horse may have trampled on you, too."

"Good Lord! That accounts for the way I ache all over my body."

The detectives examined him and, finding none of his bones broken, sent him on his way, swearing he would never work for the men who injured him.

The Bradys then went to the Hermitage Works and walked boldly in.

No one interfered with them, and they made for the first of the blast furnaces, meeting Old King Brady's friend, the foreman, outside.

"So you have come again," he said, drawing them to one side.

"Yes, I am here again, Mr. Mills," replied Old King Brady. "This young man is my partner. Is our man inside?"

"He is, and working away. But I advise you to be careful. If he is Pete, as you believe, he is surely insane. He is a sullen wretch, as you find him now, he won't speak to anyone, but he works well just the same. It was I who taught him when he was a boy."

"Does he seem to know you?"

"I can't make out that he does. I'm afraid of him, to tell the truth, after what you have told me. He certainly isn't fit to be handling melted metal."

"Let us tackle him."

"Do you want to speak to him alone?"

"Yes; it would be best."

"I will call off the other workmen for a few minutes."

He did so, and while the men remained outside the door the Bradys entered the blast furnace where the young man was at work with his ladle.



They could both see that he bore quite a strong resemblance to the Prince.

Old King Brady opened the talk.

"Good-morning," he said. "So this is the way you do it!"

The young man glanced up quickly, but went on with his lading without response.

"Can I have a few minutes' talk with you, Brown?" asked the old detective, using the name under which the man had hired.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a surly way.

"I will try to explain if you will stop a minute. I want to see you on particular business."

"I am busy working. Get out."

"But——"

"Get out, I tell you!" shouted McGraw, his face suddenly becoming inflamed with passion. "I don't want to be interfered with, and I won't be!"

It was a desperate moment.

The wretch raised his ladle full of molten metal and threw it towards the detectives.

But for the quickness with which they jumped aside they would have been horribly burned.

The workmen sprang to their aid and seized McGraw, who struck at the Bradys with the ladle.

The question of insanity was speedily settled.

He began yelling:

"I won't go back to the hole! You shan't make me!"

It was all they could do to hold him, and in the end the Bradys had to handcuff him.

By this time he was raving like the lunatic he was, and they had to lock him in a storeroom in another building.

Disgusted with their failure, the Bradys started to leave the yard, although it was now half-past eleven, and they expected the hermit to appear at twelve.

As they were passing the office they ran up against another excitement.

The door flew open, and a female typewriter ran out, screaming murder.

"You see!" cried Harry. "My fears were well founded."

They rushed in, showing their shields.

The foreman and others followed.

It was as they anticipated.

Disregarding the excited young woman and an equally excited young man—the bookkeeper—who tried to tell how shots had been fired in the private office, the door of which was locked, the Bradys burst in the door to come upon a double tragedy.

On the floor lay the Prince of Pittsburg, dead, with a revolver in his hand.

In a chair at the desk J. H. Shanley reclined, dying. He also held a revolver.

Which fired first after a long and stormy interview was never known, but that the men had shot each other there could be no doubt.

Shanley expired without speaking.

And to this day Harry feels that he was the cause of the death of these two crooks.

While they were at it into the office walked the hermit of the tombs.

He was well dressed, and with his long white hair and flowing beard he cut a most striking figure.

"I am Peter McGraw!" he said in his deep voice. "I am the owner of these works. Waste no sympathy upon these dead men. The one was a black traitor, the other an impostor. Clear the office. I have returned to the world to take charge of my own."

And as many recognized him, this settled it, and practically the case ended there.

The Bradys went up the glen and arrested the "ghost," whom Alice had held ready for the descent.

She proved to be one Lucy Waters, a notorious Pittsburg adventuress.

She confessed all, and told how Ricketts had hired her to play her part.

That she had not married young McGraw was no fault of hers. He simply would not consent.

Ricketts got wind of the affair and was never heard of afterward.

As Mr. McGraw refused to prosecute the Waters woman, she finally went free.

Young McGraw was taken to a private sanitarium and placed under treatment.

A year later he was discharged, cured.

Meanwhile the old man ran the works.

Silent and grim he came there to business day after day, but he never returned to his elegant mansion at McGrawsville, nor to his house in East Liberty.

Fitting up one of the laborer's cottages, he lived the life of a hermit, until about eighteen months later he was found dead in his bed.

What induced him to adopt his singular course was never known.

But long before that this strange man had liberally compensated the Bradys for their work.

The son the detectives never saw afterwards.

The young man inherited his father's immense estate.

He then promptly sold out to the Steel Trust, who closed the works and pulled them down, McGrawsville again becoming a deserted village, and it so remains.

Among the papers of the dead lawyer was discovered ample evidence of his crooked plotting.

That he richly deserved his fate there was no doubt.

And so did his companion, who proved to be an ex-convict and a once noted confidence man in the West.

Thus ended the mystery of the blast furnaces, but a mystery which was never solved was how the late Senator Brickmore came to interest himself in the case of "The Bradys and the Prince of Pittsburg."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE SILVER SEAL; or, THE STRANGEST OF ALL CLEWS," which will be the next number (485) of "Secret Service."

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## ITEMS WORTH READING.

A Washington scientist, in illustrating recently what the telescope and the microscope have done in extending the powers of vision, employed the following figures: Imagine the size of an eye, and therefore of a man capable of seeing in a natural way what the ordinary eye sees with the aid of a large telescope, and also the size of a man who could plainly see with his natural eye what we see with a powerful microscope. The first man would be a giant several miles tall, and the second a midget of a very small fraction of an inch in height.

About two months ago a railroad engineer on an Austrian railway complained to the authorities that every time his train passed a certain cottage in a village a young girl stood at the window and made faces at him, and that her action hurt his feelings. An officer of the law proceeded to the house and found that it was a girl eight years old. She said she didn't like the engineer because he had red hair, but she was told that she had got to quit making faces at the poor fellow or go to jail.

"It's odd, the different sources of bank deposits," remarked George Lomnitz. "For example," he said, "we receive thousands of dollars every year from Cleveland men in the army and navy. The amounts range from \$5 a month from privates to \$30 or more from some of the officers. Most of this is sent to us direct by the paymaster of the army or navy, as the case may be. Just now we are getting a lot of money from men in the navy on this cruise to the Pacific. The paymaster makes out a list of the various deposits and sends along a check to cover the total amount. Thus the men draw their pay and deposit it without ever seeing it. Their pass-books in a good many cases are left right here."

"We have begun arresting people in Seattle who fail to comply with a recently passed ordinance relating to rats," said Dr. S. J. Fowler, of the State of Washington. "Just before I left home two butchers were haled into court for violating the law, in that they had failed to make their premises ratproof. After the law was passed the police went about informing all market men, grocers, and dealers in food products that they must fortify their houses against the rodents or else be liable to arrest. The purpose was to cut off the rats from their sources of sustenance, and thereby make easier their extermination. The butchers arrested did not try to make their places of business secure against the entrance of the pests, and they will no doubt have to suffer. We have slain tens of thousands of the rats since the campaign of destruction began, and are

beginning to breathe more freely, for at one time it was the fear of our medical men that they might spread the bubonic plague that had appeared in San Francisco and cause a frightful sacrifice of human lives.

It is related that the present Czar of Russia, returning once from a long journey, was weary and in no mood to be trifled with. As he was passing through his apartments he slipped on a bearskin mat that lay on the polished floor. Clutching at one of his attendants, he nearly brought himself and his support to the floor. Baron Enidoff, at the time a confidential adviser, could not check a smile, which his monarch turned just in time to observe. The next day Enidoff was dismissed from his office, and lost the sixty thousand dollars attached to the post. \* \* \* Another ruler who is not to be trifled with is William of Germany. Gough Milbanke, a clever but bluff Scot, who was an expert in colonial administration, was once taken up by the Kaiser, who wished his advice on Eastern affairs, and had decided to give him an important position to guard German interests in China. At one of their conferences the Kaiser made an absurd suggestion as to Eastern diplomacy. Milbanke laughed. The Emperor wished him a frigid good-night, and never received him again. \* \* \* Another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, was advising the pleasant but touchy King of Portugal, who had planned to put the shaky government of the Cape Verde Islands in the hands of this skillful manager. The king became much excited, and made a ludicrous botch of his English, which is usually excellent. McVea smiled audibly, and was promptly ordered away. He was never appointed to the governorship, which carried a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars.

## WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

Sharpson—I haven't much acquaintance with Spunjall, but I'm not favorably impressed with him. How does he strike you?" Phlatz—For a V, generally."

"Yes! I married no less than eighty young people in my last parish." "Then you oughter be ashamed o' yourself; ye're worse than Solomon!"

A slender form parted the mist and looked down at the misplaced switch. "You have my deepest sympathies," it remarked with a long-drawn sigh. "And who are you?" the switch inquired. The slender stranger sighed again. "I'm the thing that gets the blame for all the big fires," it answered. "My name is defective wiring."

"Are you sane or insane?" asked the reporter of the murder suspect who was charged with killing his sweetheart. "Did they see me do it?" asked the prisoner in his turn. "Saw you plain as day," was the reassuring answer. "Then I am crazy, of course," replied the prisoner impatiently, as he turned to receive bouquets from a group of well-dressed and tenderly adoring women.

Bad Dick was finding the new boy next door unaccountably peaceable. "You're mamma's pet, ain't yuh?" he said. "Yep. That's me," answered the new boy. "Don't dast go 'way from home thout askin her, do yuh?" "Nope." "If I was ter tell yuh I could swaller a big red apple 'thout chawin' it you'd think I war lyin', wouldn't yuh?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, I kin, durn ye! Take that!" (Biff!)



## TWO HAIRS.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

It was a shock to me as well as to every other member of the force when we learned of the violent death of Jack Sands.

Jack had not long since been attached to the city force, but his peculiarly great ability in certain lines of cases had resulted in his being offered a position on the secret service force, with headquarters at Washington.

Well do I remember the day he came to me to impart the news of the offer, and ask my advice.

I told him that had the offer come to me I should refuse it, for a man engaged in the secret service rarely gets sufficient credit for what he does. But I added that if he had never lived in Washington, and fancied he would like the city, he might accept it.

After some conversation, during which I discovered that his heart was set on accepting the position, I chimed in with him, so that he might not carry with him a feeling that in taking the step he had been acting counter to the judgment of a friend on whom he knew he could depend.

How I wished now that I had warned him against going into the secret service.

We who were around headquarters when the dispatch came were still engaged in wondering as to what the details were when I was summoned.

On responding, the chief looked at me and asked:

"Are you ready for a commission?"

"I guess so. What is it?"

"It's to learn something about the death of your old friend."

"Jack Sands!" I was all eagerness now. "I'll go with pleasure. Where was he killed? And when? And what are the details as already received?"

In less than five minutes all the points the chief could afford were in my possession, and I was being driven at a mad rate to the railroad depot.

There was scant time to catch the train—I certainly would not have half a minute to spare.

The door was just closing as I sprang into the waiting-room.

"Hold on, there!" I yelled, as I darted across the floor.

"Too late!"

Clang!

Shut went the heavy door.

"Quick!" I cried. "Let me through—see here—this badge—I am a detective, and I'm in the tallest kind of a hurry!"

It was against orders for the doorman to let me through, but he made an exception in this instance, and as I dashed past he said, sharply:

"She's been given the bell to go, and you'll have to skip lively, or she'll be off without you."

I ran at the top of my speed, and managed to grasp the handrail of the last car and swing on board. Ten seconds later and it would have been impossible.

The ride was not a long one, only a little more than an hour.

When I left the train I went at once to the office of the county judge, whose name had been mentioned to me by the chief.

On entering his office, a fine-looking man turned toward me. He was not far from my own age, and I thought him too young to hold so responsible a position. So I said:

"I wish to see the county judge—Mr. Beach."

"That is my name."

"Then let me express my pleasure at making your acquaintance. Here is my card."

I presented him with my card as I spoke, and added:

"I have been sent by the chief to look into this matter of Jack Sands' untimely death."

"Ah!" He looked me over critically. "The last man I would have picked out in a crowd as the great detective of whom I have so often heard."

"Do not waste time in complimenting me, sir, but tell me what you can of this murder."

"I am at your service."

"First of all, did you know Jack?"

"Yes; on coming into town he came to see me."

"He did?"

"Yes, he brought a letter from an official at Washington."

"Ah! Then he doubtless informed you of the nature of his business here?"

"He did not. He appeared to be on the point of doing so once or twice, but in each instance checked himself."

"Have you no idea what he was here for?"

"I have. I think that, owing to false information, he was trying to discover some illicit distillery near here."

"From your manner of speaking I suppose you to be convinced that he was on a wild goose chase?"

"Decidedly. Such a place, I think, could not exist here without my gaining some inkling of it."

I said nothing to combat the idea.

It struck me, though, that if these illicit distillers did not exist here it was singular that Jack had been killed. The fact of his death appeared to me to prove that he was on a hot trail—so hot that their salvation demanded his death.

"Certainly," was the way I answered, "it is fair to assume that the illicit manufacture of liquor could not go on for any length of time without your becoming aware of it. How near the town was it that Jack was murdered?"

"About a mile away—not far from the river bank."

"Is his body still where he was assassinated?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that. I should have liked to study the ground where he fell, seeing him as he was found. Where was the body taken?"

"To the town hall. It is only a short distance up the street."

"Can you recommend somebody to go with me to see the body and then to conduct me to the spot where his body was found?"

"I can. I will go with you myself."

He went with me to the town hall.

There I saw the mortal remains of Jack Sands. Poor Jack! Many a night we had served together—many a watch we had shared—many a trail we had followed in concert.

He had been killed by a blow on the head from a club. As the judge said, he had probably never known what hurt him, so instantaneous had death been.

I searched his pockets, and found that a watch he had been accustomed to wear was missing. A small sum of money was found on his person, in a pocket that might have escaped the search of an assassin.

I was thinking that this indicated robbery as the motive for the crime, and was framing the words on my tongue, when I in advance looked up toward the judge.

The words were not uttered.

My eyes met the judge's, and they were gazing upon me with a burning eagerness that I shall never forget. Why should he eye me thus?

A minute passing without my saying anything, he sharply inquired:

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"As yet I am unable to make anything of it. The apparent motive is robbery, as his watch and money seem to be gone, yet I am unable to believe that robbery was the real motive."



"Humph! Of course sifting crime is your business, and you know best how to go about it and what weight to attach to given revelations. But it's the general feeling around town that he was knocked down by a club in the hands of some tramp who met him in that lonely spot and wanted to rob him."

"All of which may easily be. But I am going to look further into the matter before I adopt that theory."

"Are you ready to go now?"

"I shall be in a few minutes."

"I'll be waiting for you outside of the door."

"Very well."

Left to myself, I began another and keener scrutiny of the body of my friend. And at last I discovered something.

It was not much—just two hairs!

They hung between two of his stiffened fingers. Instantly I pictured in my mind a struggle that had preceded the blow, during which Jack had caught a grasp on his antagonist's hair, as a result of which these two hairs were now here.

I stepped to the window to get a better look at them and to more keenly examine the color.

In the stronger light I saw them so well that I mentally exclaimed:

"Simple little two hairs that they are, they are a valuable clew to the assassin."

They were not any ordinary two hairs.

To begin with, they had been dyed, changing the natural color to a deep and beautiful brown. In the second place, the natural color of the hair, before the dye was applied, was a peculiar shade of red.

These two hairs also disposed of the tramp business, for tramps do not have their hair dyed—it is too costly an operation for those gentry.

Carefully depositing the two hairs in my pocketbook, I joined the judge outside of the door, and was by him conducted to the spot where the body was found.

A large crowd was in the vicinity.

They glanced askance at the stranger who was observed with the judge, from whom I separated presently, against his wishes, as was very evident. I began strolling around, using the precise point of the finding of the body as a fulcrum. I could discover nothing, as was rather to be expected, when the ground had been trampled over by thousands since the early morning.

Picking out a man to address, I said:

"What is the general idea of this murder?"

"Some think one thing and some another," was the reply.

"What do you think yourself? Come, now, you look like an intelligent man, and I want your opinion."

This bit of flattery moved him.

"Well, sir, if you really want to know what I think, I will say this—that if the story about there being a moonshine business along the river bluff here is true, why, they are responsible."

I caught my breath.

This contradicted the judge materially. According to this man, it was common rumor that there was a distillery in operation here.

"Is there a distillery at work on the sly?" I asked.

"I can't tell you anything about it," was the reply. "All I know is that I have heard whispers to that effect."

"Where was it supposed to be located?"

"Somewheres under this bluff, but I can't get no closer than that."

Looking around, my eye rested on the gable end of a house less than a quarter of a mile distant.

"Who lives there?" I inquired.

"Judge Beach's brother."

A few minutes later I was walking beyond the scene of the crime in company with the judge.

A hundred feet from the spot we were hidden from view of it by a clump of trees.

We had gone some little distance, when the judge came to a halt at the brink of the bluff, and, removing his hat, wiped his forehead, at the same time inquiring:

"Have you struck daylight yet?"

"I have learned who the assassin was!"

It was an awful look he gave me, and his voice was as tense as I ever heard human voice when he asked:

"Who is it?"

And I answered him:

"You are the man!"

He reeled a step or two. I followed him up, saying:

"You are a member of an illicit distillery gang, and Jack got on your trail hot. You encountered him, and you had a struggle. He got his hand in your hair and pulled out some of it. While you held him another—your brother, I judge—struck the murderous blow. In Jack's dead hand I found two hairs—the natural color a peculiar red, the natural color of your hair, dyed to a dark-brown, as yours is. You see you are cornered. You are my pris—"

With a mad howl the cornered villain flung himself on me.

He was strong and powerful and heavier weight than I was, and for a time he had much the best of the combat.

Back toward the edge of the bluff he forced me, and I divined what his purpose was. As I now guessed it, he hissing said between his clenched teeth as he bent me far back:

"You will go over the bluff and be killed, and none will dare accuse one in my position of lying about it when I explain that you slipped and fell over."

"You will be tracked down——"

He interrupted by a sarcastic laugh.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "My position has been my shield for years, and will continue to be."

I was in a desperate strait. I could not help myself. A thought flashed across my brain.

I pretended to see somebody coming over his shoulder, and cried:

"It will no longer shield you—your time has come!"

Startled, he half turned his head to look behind.

I seized the opportunity, recovered my poise, and gave him a whirl that placed me farthest from and he nearest to the edge of the bluff.

Just a second thus, and then, fearing that he might successfully exert his wonderful strength and turn the tables, I gave him a shove and let go my hold on his collar.

He reeled backward, staggered wildly on the sloping brink, grasped madly at the empty air, then went down with a shriek of mortal anguish.

He was dead when we reached him.

In descending the bluff by a path we discovered, I saw signs of a worn way turning off at right angles. I said nothing then, but with a force of trusted men repaired to the spot that night, followed the path to its termination, and there found the distillery for which Jack had been searching when he met his death.

The brother of Judge Beach was among the captives, who, at the moment of our entrance, were discussing the story that I had told earlier in the day—of the judge's having made an incautious step and gone accidentally over the brink.

I succeeded in having Beach sent to State prison for life. The other members of the gang of moonshiners were sent to the "jug" for longer or shorter periods, and the government liberally provided for Jack's widow and children.



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